

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1925

NUMBER 553

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The Week

IN HALF a dozen places on this terrestrial sphere events were in progress last week any one of which, before 1914, would have been good for extra editions and banner headlines. But we have a new sense of proportion now, and take things more casually. The short-lived Greek Republic has been overthrown after fifteen months of life, and a military dictatorship established in its place. In several parts of China the anti-foreign demonstrations continue, and at least in one instance, have flamed out into actual hostilities between native and European armed forces. In Morocco, grandiose promises of an immediate French victory do not conceal the fact that up to the present, Abd-el-Krim is clearly winning on points. The debate in the British House of Commons over the proposed security compact shows that the government will probably be able to command a majority in favor of the plan; while from Berlin comes an increasing volume of protest that the terms suggested in the French note are such as no German government could accept as they stand and survive. Caillaux has announced his plan for remedying the French financial situation, based upon a large increase in currency notes, and the exchange of new bonds, bearing a lower interest rate, but with a fixed value in terms

of gold or American dollars, for those outstanding. The comment of the financial world on the proposal is to be found in an immediate break of nearly ten points in the value of the franc, to less than 4.5 cents, the lowest since March, 1924.

AGENT GENERAL for Reparations S. Parker Gilbert, while his speech before the Brussels Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce evinced a hopeful tone, was not so incautious as to depart from sound principles in his estimate of the possible success of reparations payments. Under the first year of the Dawes plan Germany has maintained a stable currency and balanced her budget. This was expected by all. She has also met the payments required. This is not surprising in view of the fact that the first year's requirements were comparatively small, and that they were four-fifths financed by the foreign loan to Germany. Future payments may be made without damage to the recipients by such projects as the dredging of the Seine by German labor, construction in the Belgian Congo, and the delivery of a floating dock. Projects of this sort are obviously insufficient to account for the whole amounts due, but further payments may be made by a growth of German commercial exports. If world-wide production and wealth increase rapidly enough, such payments may be small enough in comparison to be accepted without serious economic derangements. This is, of course, a big if, and no other if will do. Finally, we have the Transfer Committee to see that transfers are not made if they would seriously endanger the exchanges. This reminds us, though Mr. Gilbert apparently did not say so explicitly, that the success of the ingenious Dawes machinery may be not the economic one of facilitating full payment, but the political one of demonstrating, through agencies of the Allies themselves, that full payment is inexpedient. On the whole, Mr. Gilbert said nothing that would detract from the serious warning by Sir Josiah Stamp, which we discuss in a leading editorial.

WE FIND the following long sentence in the course of an article about China by Frederick Cunliffe-Owen, C. B. E., an Englishman who lives in America and for some time has been

writing voluminously for the American press:

It is becoming clear that the anti-foreign disturbances prevalent in regions of China as far distant from one another as Shanghai, Canton, Tientsin, Hankow, and which have resulted in destruction of foreign life and much property, are the result of carefully prepared and richly financed Soviet propaganda, engineered and directed by Loris Karakhan, the Armenian who holds the office of Russian Ambassador to Peking and who, by his appeals to Chinese nationalism against foreign exploitation and alleged aggression, is paving the way for what he has openly proclaimed to be his ultimate aim, namely, the conversion of all China, with her 400,000,000 population and inexhaustible resources, to the doctrines of communism.

It is a typical example of the sort of propaganda now coming from numerous sources, and well designed to make the Chinese mess a great deal worse by encouraging the people of the Western countries, after a few more of their nationals have been killed in riots or guerilla warfare, to embark upon a sort of holy war against Bolshevism in the Far East. No sensible person can doubt that Moscow is making every effort to spread communism in China. It is still, as it has always been, the hope of the Soviet government to bring about a communist revolution in every country on earth; it looks upon propaganda with a missionary zeal which amounts to fanaticism. But to pretend that Russia is responsible for the present Chinese situation, and to refer to the aggression of the European powers in China as "alleged" is a monstrous perversion of the plain facts. If communism had never been heard of, the Powers have done enough to China and the Chinese to make one marvel, not that the latter are hostile now, but that their hostility has not kept them in perpetual revolt for many years. The very negotiations now in progress between the Chinese and the representatives of the Western Powers give the lie to the assertion that by some miracle the Russians have succeeded in imbuing China's millions with a united passion for an abstract, highly technical doctrine with little significance for an agrarian country like theirs, despite the fact that for centuries no one has been able to get all the Chinese to unite for any purpose.

FRANCE, it is reported, is contemplating a demand upon China for a half million dollar indemnity for a French citizen who was killed in one of the disturbances last week. We sincerely trust that the report is false. For one thing, the Chinese government probably hasn't a half million dollars. Certainly it could not thus indemnify the other countries whose citizens have been killed and whose claims are quite as good as those of France. If the rate is to be \$500,000 per man, China is just as well entitled to ask \$35,000,000 for the seventy students who were shot down in what looks remarkably like cold blood in Shanghai during the week beginning May 30. As a matter of fact, to hold any Chinese

government responsible for loss of life at the present time is just about as reasonable as it would be to blame the seismologists whose laboratory is on the slope of Mt. Vesuvius for an eruption.

THE recent record of France in regard to China is nothing to be proud of. While the treaties signed at the Washington conference of 1921 were a bitter disappointment to the Chinese, they were decidedly better than nothing. These treaties would have been in effect long ago had it not been for the failure of France to ratify. She has not done so for two obvious reasons: she wanted to hold them as a club over the United States for use in debt negotiations; and she wanted to exercise pressure on China in the dispute over the payment of instalments on the Boxer indemnity, which France claims is payable in gold francs while China has argued that they can be made in depreciated French paper. This business of demanding payment when one of your citizens gets killed in the territory of a power decidedly weaker than yourself is of course quite in line with the precedents of old-fashioned diplomacy; but it is a diplomacy so old-fashioned that we had hoped it was archaic.

WE ARE glad to extend our heartiest felicitations to the Nation, which last week observed its sixtieth birthday with a special anniversary number. In America sixty years is a long time for any periodical to survive; and particularly, one with as extensive and honorable a record as the Nation's of fighting on the unpopular side. As Mr. Villard reminds us, it is the fashion to say that the Nation, after a long career of sober scholarship in the field of literary criticism, suddenly "went radical" when the present management took control in 1918; but nothing could be farther from the truth. For twenty years after its founding by Godkin in 1865, it was accustomed to being excoriated because of its alleged pro-British taint; and because it did, in fact, espouse such unpopular causes as free trade, the enfranchisement of the Negro, the abolition of the spoils system in politics and opposition to every aspect of imperialism. Even during the less aggressive régime of Wendell Phillips Garrison, 1881-1905, the paper did not hesitate to support a lost cause if the editors believed right lay in that direction. During the war with Spain, the McKinley Cabinet once spent a morning, we are told, debating whether the editors of the Nation and the Springfield Republican should not be arrested for treason. The character of its fight for liberty in every form during recent years is too fresh in mind to need to be recalled. We wish for our neighbor on Vesey Street that which, we are sure, represents the limits of the editor's own ambition—the opportunity to go on for another sixty years fighting the same fight.

CHAIRMAN GREEN of the House Ways and Means Committee, who appears to be sounder on

taxation problems than Secretary Mellon, has reached a compromise with the Treasury on the federal estate tax. The Secretary wants it abolished—a course which might easily encourage the settlement of rich men in non-taxing states like Florida, thus leading the other states as well to abandon this source of revenue, and removing all check on the growth of hereditary fortunes. Mr. Green's plan is to raise the limit of the present credit for any payments made in inheritance levies to the states from 25 to 50 percent. He would increase the credit to 100 percent in the case of states which agree not to tax non-resident decedents. This measure would tend to make the total federal and state tax uniform on each given amount. It would also encourage the several states to raise their taxes to the federal limit, since they would know that anything below this limit which they did not take would go to the federal government. Thus the goal of uniform levies would be approached without incurring the danger which is inherent in the Secretary's plan of abolishing inheritance taxation. The trouble with the measure is, however, that for the sake of justice and national efficiency a large part of the inheritance taxes ought to be spent by the federal government. The riches of a rich state do not rise entirely within its borders; nothing could be more unfair and conducive to national disunity, for instance, than for New York State to levy, as it might, more in death duties for its exclusive benefit than all the rest of the country put together, simply because so many owners of national enterprises happen to reside there.

THE American Civil Liberties Union has lately been engaged in a debate with the Workers' Party which throws an interesting light on the attitude of the latter toward free speech. As our readers are aware, a number of public meetings have been held in this country recently in protest against the continued incarceration of political prisoners by the Soviet government in Russia. The Workers' Party is a communist organization; and therefore appears to feel called upon to defend every act of a communist government. It has refused to repudiate these members of the party who appear at these meetings to perform a function which it describes as "heckling and protest"; but which in fact has in a number of instances meant long-continued demonstrations which have prevented the speakers from being heard and has broken up the meetings. In other words the communists, who are perpetually complaining that their own right of free speech is interfered with, take great pains to prevent the same right from being exercised by their critics. In the course of an extended interchange of letters the Civil Liberties Union has been unable to secure from the party authorities any promise that its members will not continue to howl down unfriendly critics. There is, of course, nothing surprising in this; the communist is as little interested in what he

calls bourgeois theories of fair play as he is in bourgeois morality. He will invoke them on his own behalf when it suits his purpose; but like the Tory, so many of whose characteristics he shares, he throws them overboard the moment he believes that it is to his temporary advantage to do so.

IN refusing to sign a bill for the compulsory sterilization of the insane and the feeble-minded, Governor Blaine of Wisconsin has made a very sensible comment upon the practical limitations of eugenics. Under the terms of the Wisconsin bill every person discharged from a state institution for the insane or the feeble-minded would have been subjected to a public hearing to determine whether or not he should be sterilized, and in the event of a verdict against the patient the operation would have been carried out regardless of the wishes of the patient or his relatives. In theory, much can be said for such a proposal. The sterilization operation is probably quite harmless. It has no other effect than preventing offspring. In the case of persons whose offspring would probably be handicapped from birth by hereditary defect such limitation is in the public interest. That being the case a strong argument can be made for the proposition that the compulsory sterilization of undesirable parents is as much within the rights of the state as control of immigration.

BUT, as Governor Blaine has pointed out, sterilization no less than immigration must be administered equitably. "If a patient is suffering from feeble-mindedness or insanity, particularly the milder cases, such patient will avoid being subjected to sterilization and will seek treatment in private hospitals for such cases. . . . Relatively wealthy persons would be saved from sterilization, while those who could not afford the expense of a private institution would be subjected to the operation." There can be no doubt of the truth of this objection. If sterilization is made the condition of discharge from a public hospital it becomes at once a penalty of commitment, and as such it greatly increases the difficulties which already and inevitably attach to commitment to such institutions. Not only would families be still more reluctant to commit their members to state hospitals; the doctors themselves—by whose action alone compulsory commitment is possible—would incline to be more conservative than ever in the face of the new and undesired responsibility. Thus the effect of the proposal to sterilize the unfit would be to make the confinement of the unfit more difficult, more unfair, and more precarious.

AN ORDER of the Secretary of the Interior, lifting the embargo on the use of public lands along the Rio Grande in New Mexico and Colorado for the storage and diversion of water, closes a somewhat singular incident in our administrative history. By

an Act of March 3, 1891, the use of public lands for these purposes was authorized. Nevertheless, an embargo was placed upon such use of public lands in 1896 by the then Secretary of the Interior, although no discretion had been vested in him by the Act of Congress. The object of the embargo was to impede the appropriation of water that might be needed for the Rio Grande reclamation project and in the settlement of the water claims of Mexico. After the construction of the Elephant Butte dam it appeared that there was more than an ample supply of water for these purposes; nevertheless the embargo continued. The Department of the Interior had no direct jurisdiction over water rights. Irrigation companies might divert the water, provided prior rights were not impaired, if they used only private lands for storage and canals. The embargo, therefore, was peculiarly irritating to the interests involved. It was not only in apparent contravention of the law of 1891, but it operated by indirection and could be effective only where public lands lay across the path of development.

THE lifting of the embargo throws the regulation of the distribution of water into the courts, state and federal, which will be guided in their decisions by the principles of priority and beneficial use. This is of course an improvement upon arbitrary administrative action, without legal warrant and with insufficient power to proceed without discrimination. Nevertheless it is a wide open question whether the courts are the proper agency to handle so delicate a matter as the distribution of a limited water supply. In addition to the principles of priority and beneficial use, which the courts are quite capable of applying, there is a principle of best use which the courts cannot take cognizance of. The supplying of potable water to a large city is more important than the supplying of water for irrigating orange groves, and this use in turn is more important than the irrigation of fields of alfalfa and wheat. An expert administrative body alone could handle the problem satisfactorily. But it is a puzzling problem how such a body could be constituted under our present Constitution. The several states alone have the power to grant water rights, but the economics of water use pays no respect to state boundaries. The federal government—but it is the fashion to cower at the sound of the word centralization.

ARE common schools the best schools? The experience of high school and private school graduates in the universities would seem to indicate that they are. At any rate the high school men take the honors. A survey of Princeton University, recently completed and published by the Director of Admissions, shows that in each of the three lower classes the high school graduates exceed the record of the more expensively trained products of preparatory schools. But the situation of a college "student" is a

complicated one. Notoriously the preponderant part in undergraduate "activities" is played by the men from the private schools, not only because they have had previous experience in their school life of most of the athletic and social affairs in which undergraduates indulge, but still more because their personal circumstances (of which their private schooling is an index) equip them with the wealth and the social background upon which careers are built. As Mr. Corliss Lamont pointed out not long ago, in a study of the same discrepancy at Harvard, the private school graduate does the less justice to his studies because the temptation of diversions of play and social enterprise is greater for him. Very possibly private schools diminish the scholarship of their graduates by preparing them too well for other things than study.

SCHOLARSHIP, indeed, is not at issue. The vital matter is the increasing preoccupation of certain classes of boys, their families, their private schools, and their universities with school and college "life." What is startling in the report of the Princeton Director of Admissions is not the comparative standing of public and private school men, as groups, but the relative size of these two groups. At Princeton, 509 juniors came from private schools, and 125 from high schools. Among the sophomores the ratio is 479 to 152; among the freshmen, 531 to 113. The clear implication of these figures is that Princeton itself is a "private school," a college for the sons of the privileged classes. Whatever academic honors they may receive, the sons of common families educated in the common schools must feel that they do not entirely belong. There is, of course, no particular reason why they should. There is nothing to prevent a college from limiting its membership explicitly to the graduates of private schools, just as private schools select their students by means of high tuition fees and other social obstacles. Nothing, that is, but the intellectual traditions of American higher education. But perhaps those traditions themselves are undergoing modification, so that the character and content of an education will be indicated in the future not so much by a degree as by the name associated with it.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY has recently announced the receipt of a gift of half a million dollars for a school of aeronautics. This school will be the first of its kind in the country. But that is nothing remarkable. Regarded as a development of the college of engineering, the department of aeronautical engineering is little more than the recognition by the university engineers of a branch of their science which has progressed very rapidly in the last few years and is certain to grow still more in the future. The automobile has had the same history, and now courses in the gasoline engine and other phases of automotive engineering are a com-

monplace in every school of engineering. But in another sense the automobile has had a different history from the airplane. Though it was used extensively in the War, its chief employment has been in industry and in pleasure driving. The principal use of the plane thus far has been military.

IN HIS letter accompanying the gift, Mr. Daniel Guggenheim has recognized the peculiar status of the airplane. He expects it to have a great future, one that will justify the study he is endowing. He also recognizes that war will determine that future. The airplane, he says, "will promote the welfare of our country in time of peace and the safety of our country against aggression in time of war." It is pleasant to think that airplanes will never be used by the United States except to ward off aggression, but there are lands in which this truth is held not to be self-evident. The fact is that the school of aeronautics is to be a school of military science. There is nothing improper about this. Many universities support departments of military science now. And, indeed, the aeronautical engineer need take no more thought of the military use of the product of his research than chemists do whose researches are of no less military value. Nevertheless the next war is already being prepared for—though we prefer to say against—and it will be fought in the air and therefore probably against all those who lie below.

Tennessee and the Constitution

GREAT issues of liberty quite commonly reach their dramatic crisis in some lawsuit. The enactment of a statute, the issuing of an edict, the promulgation of a creed, may pass almost unnoticed. Only when a man stands before a tribunal to defend himself against the menace of prison or the stake is public attention duly aroused and focussed. The tribunal then becomes a forum to which popular imagination ascribes a supremacy or even an exclusiveness to which it is by no means entitled. The court is the last ditch for the individual exponent of opposition to tyranny and suppression, and the defenders of the individual fight with every weapon at their command. Since the field of battle is the court room, the weapons are inevitably the weapons of the law. Thus far-reaching issues are likely to come most prominently before the public as issues of legalism or of constitutionalism. So often in America is our federal Constitution extolled as the guarantor and preserver of a perfect liberty to all and for all that there is a wide-spread and child-like faith that pious invocation of the Constitution can ward off all the folly and all the peril that any legislature may threaten.

Quite consistently with the prevalent assumption that any law that is sufficiently unwelcome must perforce be unconstitutional, the defenders of Mr. Scopes against the inanity of the State of Tennessee are invoking constitutional principles against

the effort to declare him guilty of a crime for repeating to his students what he found in a textbook on biology. They are laying the foundation for an appeal to the United States Supreme Court by alleging that the statute so obviously obnoxious to common sense is obnoxious also to the Fourteenth Amendment to the federal Constitution. This Amendment contains the blanket provision that no state shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within the jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. Under these clauses the Supreme Court has wielded license to declare unconstitutional such statutes as have seemed to the judges to be beyond the bounds of reason and inconsistent with some vaguely formulated postulates of what they deem an inviolable part of the governmental scheme under which we ought to live. The judges have made the law of due process as much as judges have made the common law. There is always a chance that any novel legislation will seem to the justices of the Supreme Court so bad that they will declare it wanting in due process of law.

Two statutes dealing with education have lately been declared unconstitutional. The court has found that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids a state to exclude foreign languages from the curriculum of private elementary schools and that it forbids a state to suppress such schools and create a monopoly for public schools. These decisions have been widely assumed to be sufficient bases for a prophecy that the court will hold that the Fourteenth Amendment forbids a state to dictate through its legislature what shall or shall not be taught in the public schools. The assumption is unwarranted. Constitutional limitations on state power over private schools are predicated on considerations that find no counterpart in state regulation of public schools.

The distinction between power over public and power over private enterprise is brought out clearly in contrasted Supreme Court decisions on two types of state effort to keep aliens from getting work that otherwise might go to citizens. The first law, conceived in Arizona, required private employers of more than five employes to prefer citizens to aliens to the extent of 80 percent of the number employed. This was declared unconstitutional. An employer, it was said, cannot be thus restricted in his freedom of choice. The other law was that of the State of New York which forbade the employment of aliens on public works. This law was sustained on the broad principle that the state as employer is as free to select its employes as an individual is free to choose those who shall work for him. New York was not regulating others. It was regulating itself. It was exercising freedom rather than restraining freedom. The case was not put on any narrow ground of a reasonable differentiation between aliens and citizens. The theory of the opinion was that the state in picking employes may be as whimsi-

cal as an individual. In support of the decision there were cited earlier cases sanctioning state prescription of conditions of employment for public employes concededly more generous than what the state might impose as a standard for private employment.

So far as we can guess from decisions already rendered, the Supreme Court is not likely to hold that the legislature of a state is fettered by the Fourteenth Amendment in deciding what shall enter the curriculum of the public schools. There is, however, a line of attack on the Tennessee law that might possibly overcome the barrier of the cases on state power to pick public employes. Conceivably a state might go so far in its prescription of the curriculum of public schools as to make those schools in substance the schools of a particular religious denomination or sect. There might result something approaching a union of church and state. Nothing in the federal Constitution explicitly forbids a state to effect such a union. Any constitutional negative would have to be found in the formless phrase "due process of law." This means that it would come from the judgment of the judges. Such a judgment would open the door to endless difficulties for the judiciary. There are those who urge that the state passes the bounds of secular instruction when it permits public schools to inculcate belief in any scientific or historical fact or hypothesis which is out of harmony with what is taught by some church or creed. Is the state aligning itself with one creed and against another when it allows to be taught something congenial to one and abhorrent to another? Whatever might be expected from the Supreme Court with regard to a statute clearly making state schools the schools of some church or churches, it is a far cry from this to the present folly of Tennessee.

If perchance the Supreme Court should find the federal Constitution a barrier to the conviction of Mr. Scopes, what would it amount to? The State of Tennessee would still be free to adopt its textbooks and to choose its teachers. The teachers who teach what some public official finds to be too great an innovation on what he learned in his youth would be told to teach elsewhere. By divers and devious ways a state determined to close the eyes and ears of children in public schools to everything that transcends the intellectual limitations of Mr. Bryan could succeed in doing so, in spite of any decision of the Supreme Court of the United States that some particular legislative prescription is unconstitutional. No court could serve as a superintendent of schools in continuous session to keep the curriculum contemporaneous with modernity. It may be questionable whether we should care to entrust such duties to a court. We might find judges insisting that no economics can be sound if it varies from Mr. Justice Peckham's opinion in the *Lochner* Case, or Mr. Justice Harlan's opinion in the *Adair* Case, or Mr. Justice Sutherland's opinion in the *Minimum Wage*

Case. With such examples of judicial economics almost as fanciful as any fable found in Genesis, the time is not yet ripe for making judges the arbiters of our educational diet.

Fundamental issues of constitutional law may therefore be put to one side in any serious consideration of the legal game now about to begin in Tennessee. There may be minor matters which Mr. Scopes's attorneys may bring to bear to his advantage. The Tennessee constitution makes it the duty of the General Assembly to cherish literature and science, and the Tennessee judges might find in this counsel a caution not to cherish literature above science. Considerations of the union of church and state or of state support of religion might move state judges to do what the Supreme Court of the United States with the looser mandate of the federal Constitution might refuse to do. Perhaps also the reticences required of Tennessee teachers are not described with sufficient definiteness to lay the foundation for a criminal prosecution against one who teaches from what turns out to be the wrong book.

Here are some possible legal pegs upon which to hang debate and oratory in order to prolong the public show. The circus conception of the controversy seems to be about as congenial to Mr. Scopes's defenders as it is to those who invoke against him the majesty of the law. Behind the whole performance some Barnum is at work. The notoriety achieved by Shelby, Mont., is coveted by Dayton, Tenn. If ever a great issue was cheapened by descent to the ridiculous, the issue of freedom of inquiry and freedom of teaching is cheapened by the clap-trap of the histrionics masquerading as a legal trial in Tennessee.

It is hard to decide whether to lament or to rejoice that out of the monkey-play some good may come. It may be good to get a fundamental issue on the front page of the newspaper even though it gets there as a clown. Farce in the news columns may be recompensed by serious discussion on the editorial page. The longer the trial lasts, the more will public attention be given to the menace of a temporary political majority trying to tell us what to know and what to think.

Yet it remains to be regretted that an issue of such import should be entangled with burlesque and that the fate of freedom of inquiry should seem to any one to be tied up with the outcome of the prosecution of Mr. Scopes. If the jury or the court should let Mr. Scopes go free, toleration will not thereby be established. If the jury convicts and the highest court in the land holds that Tennessee has not violated the Fourteenth Amendment, the fate of freedom of inquiry will still rest where always it must rest. Courts can no more make us wise and tolerant and eager for the truth than they can make us kind or generous. No community can become enlightened by having enlightenment judicially thrust upon it. The crime against intelligence which

the legislature of Tennessee has committed will remain no less a crime against intelligence whether it is declared constitutional or unconstitutional. This crime will become the crime of the people of Tennessee if they condone it by failing to force the obnoxious statute off the books.

To Redeem the High School

MOST serious-minded Americans have often put to themselves the question whether our educational system has found the best practicable use for the adolescent years. We are justly proud of the rapid increase in the number of public high schools, their mounting figures for attendance, and the excellent records won by public high school students in competition with private preparatory school students for college honors. Yet the fact remains that only in the case of a small minority of students does a college course follow upon the high school. For the majority the high school is the crown of formal educational life. Does our scheme of high school organization take this fact sufficiently into account and make sure that those of its graduates who go no farther are equipped nevertheless with the essentials of liberal culture, and above all, acquainted with the methods and criteria of liberal inquiry, so that the process of organizing experience does not stop with the graduation exercises? We doubt that it does. We believe that the high school prepares more efficiently for college than for life.

We shall of course be reminded that high schools everywhere are developing technical courses for those students who do not expect to go on to college. Stenography and shorthand, bookkeeping and accounts, carpentry and cabinet making, dressmaking and millinery, agriculture and domestic science—do not such subjects train for life? In their own way they do, and we do not wish to disparage their results. They help the student to make a living, but they do not of themselves equip him for an intelligent and creative social and civic life.

A majority of the members of our state legislatures, municipal councils, school boards, a majority of our teachers and newspaper writers, will conclude their formal liberal training with the high school. It behooves us therefore to make the high school curriculum as rich and as stimulating to later intellectual growth as possible, if we value a rational ordering of our civic and social life.

Most of us are willing to theorize about the proper function of the high school, but few of us ever find the opportunity to put our conclusions to the test of practical application. For this reason we wish to call the attention of our readers to the work of a small group of devoted teachers associated with Mrs. Marietta Johnson in the School of Organic Education at Fairhope, Ala. This school, as our readers know, has already achieved remark-

able results in the elementary grades. Its pupils, in the most natural way in the world, find their interest stimulated and guided and without compulsion or competitive pressure make thoroughly satisfactory progress. Former pupils of the Fairhope School are now represented in the student body of eighteen colleges and universities, and none of them has failed in his work. We should be tempted to discuss the achievements of this school at length, if this had not been done thoroughly in Professor Dewey's *Schools of Tomorrow*. For our present purpose it suffices to say that the school at Fairhope is a successful going concern, with 170 pupils, four-fifths of them drawn from the locality. Many of them are now of high school age, and the school is undertaking to work out a curriculum which shall give its pupils the best material they can assimilate, irrespective of the traditional division of labor between high school and college. The school recognizes that provision must be made for preparation for college for those who desire to go, but whether this shall be done through a parallel course, or through specific adaptations of the general course, remains to be determined by experience.

What subjects should enter into an independent high school course? The school can answer this question finally only after experimenting with various subjects and methods. For the moment it has to content itself with a working hypothesis. The committee in charge assumes that the years twelve to fourteen are rich with spontaneous interest in astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, physiology, physiological psychology. Natural science seems peculiarly adapted to these years. Of the traditional subjects mathematics is obviously indispensable, but it ought to be a humanized mathematics, such as the Lincoln School is working out with such notable success. In these years the broad outlines of history might also be taught, and the elements of social life and civic institutions.

In the years fifteen to seventeen, it is assumed, the pupil's spontaneous interests will be open to psychology, philosophy, ethics, æsthetics; social science, economics, political science, international relations; education, scientific method; history, literature and whatever other subjects are significant in the general adult life.

What is left for the college, it may be asked, if the high school ranges so widely? The Fairhope experimenters refuse, and rightly, we think, to recognize any subject as a college monopoly. They mean to give their pupils the best that is available, wherever it may be found. What they are really aiming at is a people's college. It will not serve as a substitute for the established college, but if the institution becomes general it will go far toward breaking down the class intellectual distinction between those who are fortunate enough to spend their early years of manhood or womanhood in college and those who must be absorbed immediately in the practical life of the community.

It is to be observed further that such a high school or adolescents' college would offer the beginnings of a working system of adult education. The subject matter of the courses would be worth the time of the men and women beyond school age wishing to repair defects in their early education. The institution would bear then a rather close analogy to the Danish Folk Schools, which more than any other institution have operated to disseminate the fruits of higher culture throughout Danish society.

The Fairhope enterprise is worth watching. We are aware—and still more are the Fairhope teachers—that an immense amount of detailed work is necessary to adapt the subject matter of the various sciences and disciplines to this peculiar situation. They need the advice of practical educators, but above all, they need trained volunteers to join the institution and help in working out the curriculum, adapting each step in the process to the student mind. They believe that among our educators there are many like themselves, ready to work for a good cause without pay or for nominal pay—teachers fortunate enough to have independent means of support, professors on sabbatical leave, for example. In their behalf we are issuing this call for volunteers, and we trust that some may hear it and communicate with Mr. Willard H. Edwards, Chairman, Fairhope, Ala.

The Fairhope school is rich in results achieved and richer in projects for the future. It is poor in money. We dare not state on how meagre a budget it manages to educate 170 pupils, and plans to create an adolescents' college. We fear the force of the maxim, "From him who hath not, the little he hath shall be taken away." Yet we respectfully suggest to those of our readers who intend to give funds to education that a sound accounting is quite compatible with good works, and that money devoted to the building of a new form of educational enterprise may carry us further toward the good life than an equal sum assigned to traditionally accepted purposes.

How Can We Be Paid?

AMERICANS who were alarmed by the speech of Sir Josiah Stamp about reparations at the International Chamber of Commerce meeting in Brussels merely gave evidence of the primitive state of economic opinion which has long prevailed among business men in this country. Sir Josiah said nothing essentially new; he simply repeated with emphasis certain observations which have been commonplace among informed economists ever since the War, but which, when uttered by the New Republic or others have often been stigmatized as "pro-German."

Sir Josiah's pro-Germanism consisted in saying that you cannot have your cake and eat it too.

"Either we want reparations or we do not. If we do, the duty of continuous, constructive, coöperative thought is upon us and the day of spasmodic, destructive, sectional recrimination should be over." In order to enable Germany to produce a surplus out of which reparation payments may be made, the Allies must coöperate with her efforts at economic recovery. They cannot keep a strangle-hold on the Rhine bridgeheads, demand the destruction of the great steel works at Essen, maintain high import tariffs, injure German credit by political and military threats at her security, and at the same time expect Germany to be able to pay. We can have either a weak and impoverished Germany, without reparations, or a Germany secure in her political and economic life, with reparations. We cannot have both.

But that is only the beginning of the matter, and the first glimmer of its official recognition came with the adoption of the Dawes plan. The consternation now created by the British authority's speech among the French, Belgians and Americans at Brussels shows that the ultimate economic implications of the Dawes plan are still a long way from being understood.

The elementary truth that a great international payment cannot be transferred in any other form than goods and services is now well recognized as a generality, but its detailed implications have not been much dwelt on. Germany has no gold to export; she needs all she has to stabilize her currency, and without a stabilized currency she can do nothing. There remain, then, four possible methods of transfer:

1. Payments "in kind"—that is, exports of materials and goods to the account of Allied governments, who sell them or give them away to their nationals.
2. Payments in cash and credit which would arise from a surplus of commercial exports out of Germany over imports into Germany.
3. Payments in services through the construction in Allied countries by German labor of public works, buildings, etc.
4. Transfer to the Allies or their nationals of ownership in German industrials and utilities—which would mean a consequent stream of interest or dividend payments to be made in one of the above ways.

The briefest analysis of each of these methods reveals that it requires the acceptance by the creditor nations of the products of German plants and labor, on terms which compete successfully with the creditors' plants and labor. This is easiest to understand in the case of commercial exports. We cannot take from Germany a surplus of her products in the stream of commerce, unless German products are sold in the United States more cheaply than American products. Neither can France, England, Belgium or any other creditor. This means that if we intend to accept the goods, we must face all the necessary conditions of successful German competition in international markets. What are these con-

ditions? First, German production costs which are lower than ours—which may involve low wages and long hours for German workmen, and an effort on the part of employers in other nations to lower wages and lengthen hours in order to withstand German competition. Second, the absence of protective tariffs at home designed to equalize the prices of imported products with those of domestic products made at higher costs. Third, the domestic consequences of an enlarged flood of imports, which may mean unemployment, business stagnation, and the flowing of any surplus capital into foreign investments rather than into new domestic enterprise. If we want reparation payments, we must ignore protests against such conditions.

Payments in kind, in materials or services, bring much the same consequences, on a smaller scale. What difference does it make to French ironmasters or others whether German iron is sold to French consumers directly in competition with their products, or is shipped to the French government and then sold by the government, or is given away by the government and eventually sold by someone else? The French government or the immediately favored recipient may make a profit out of the transaction, but the ultimate result is that, with no increase in the general purchasing power, an enlarged quantity of goods has come upon the market, and the higher-cost domestic producers suffer. The only way in which such a payment might be made, granted that there is no increase in purchasing power, without reducing the production of the receiving nation would be for some governmental agency to accept an electric plant or other public improvement not entering into general trade, which it could not or would not build otherwise. But the opportunities for this type of payment would not take up a large percentage of reparations.

Frequent attempts are made to dodge the issue by pointing to the triangular nature of international trade. Let German manufacturers go, not to the United States, but to some remote and industrially backward region, which in turn exports to us raw materials of a kind which we do not produce. There is then no necessity to curtail our production or reduce our tariffs on manufactured products; we may take our payment in raw materials on which we do not levy duty. But even this may come to the same result in the end, supposing it feasible. We must abandon to the Germans these foreign markets for manufactured goods, and not expect to capture them for our own exports. We must also take a larger quantity than before of the raw materials in question. We cannot take a larger quantity unless we can find use for them in manufacture, and we cannot do this without larger markets for the manufactured products. We cannot find these markets by exporting to Germany or to purchasers of German products. Can we sufficiently enlarge the domestic market to absorb the extra goods?

In the end we are faced with the same puzzle—

how to transform our present export surplus into an import surplus without slackening domestic production—a puzzle which can be solved only by sufficiently increasing domestic purchasing power. That involves either a general rise in incomes or a general reduction in prices or both. Increases in real wages or purchasing power may occur without much strain as new inventions are made and the efficiency of industry gradually rises, though even this normal process is slow and uncertain, and involves occasional collapses due to maladjustment among wages, prices and production. But a sudden readjustment due to an abnormal factor such as large international payments is more difficult to make, and the return from an artificial to a normal basis when the payments end would be still more dangerous.

We do not mean to imply that there is no conceivable way out. There might occur, for instance, important technical achievements comparable to the industrial revolution after the Napoleonic wars, which would so enlarge total production and wealth as to dwarf the effect of international debts. But this is hardly likely. What we are in fact likely to do is to postpone the evil day as long as possible by reinvesting the surplus abroad, though this course in the end will merely aggravate the trouble.

We have spoken, as did Sir Josiah Stamp, as if the United States were chiefly concerned in this problem. Why not let France, England and Belgium, as the main recipients of reparations, do the worrying? Simply because the United States expects them to pay their war debts to us, and in its economic consequences the payment of an international debt is precisely the same as the payment of an indemnity. Whatever the technical arrangements, the practical result of a simultaneous rendering of reparations by Germany to the Allies, and of Allied debts to the United States, will be a stream of payments, direct or indirect, from Germany to the United States. These two nations will be chiefly concerned in the difficult problems created. Can the thing be done without serious consequences to both, and especially to the ultimate creditor? That is a question which Americans need to face with all the frankness and discernment they can muster.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1925, IN THE U. S., BY
THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, SECRETARY
AND PUBLISHER, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

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English Politics Today

MR. BALDWIN'S government has now been in office for seven months. What have been its effects upon the national life? What tendencies has it developed? What purposes has it revealed?

I

Let us note first its immense assets. It came into office with the largest political majority for twenty years, with one exception, the largest political majority any party has had since 1832. Its opponents were in grave trouble. The Labor Party was staggered by the results of the election; the Liberal Party was annihilated. The field lay open for experiment. It was clear that Mr. Baldwin had ample time before him to think out a great program. He had almost the whole of the press on his side. Bad trade had made strikes probably impossible for a period, and certainly doomed to defeat. Mr. MacDonald had left a better atmosphere in Europe than there had been at any time since the Armistice. The road lay clear before the government. What has it done with its opportunities?

In social legislation it has prepared a scheme for widows' pensions which, on a contributory basis, will do something (not very much) to relieve the difficulty a woman has to meet when her husband's death leaves her penniless. But two things must be noted about the scheme. The burden it imposes upon the worker is, at the bottom, a hard one to bear; a miner with five children, or an agricultural laborer, will find even an extra ninepence a load he can ill afford to carry. And when the pension comes, it will not enable the widow to maintain herself without work, or, if she has children, her family without the poor law. It is accompanied by reductions in income tax, and in death duties for the rich—the sop, say the critics, to persuade the wealthy to bear with Mr. Baldwin's sense of social obligation. What else has been done? Unemployment has increased by 10 percent; and unemployment relief has been made more difficult of access. The Home Office is less tender to aliens, and it may be persuaded to introduce new factory legislation. There has been no educational change of moment; Lord Eustace Percy distributes prizes gallantly, but there is no policy and no energy in his office. The old housing schemes go on at the old rate; and exhibition steel houses are erected in the hope of persuading the local authorities to accept them. There is no agricultural policy, though Mr. Baldwin announces that his Minister is studying schemes. There is no Indian policy, though Lord Reading and Lord Birkenhead are to spend two more months in the search for it. There is more forced labor in Kenya; and the under-secretary for the Colonies is signatory to a report which gives the settlers a clean

bill of health. There are protective duties for the motor trade, which has just ended the most prosperous year in its history. And—there is Mr. Baldwin.

But before I seek to analyze Mr. Baldwin, let me say a word about the government and foreign policy. No one, I think, could seriously claim that Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been a conspicuous success as foreign minister. His handling of the Egyptian crisis was not only the loss of a great opportunity in regard to the League of Nations, but a typical example of Prussianism at its worst. At the Opium Conference Great Britain was made to take a mean and sordid attitude. The recommencement of the harbor at Singapore was not only wanton extravagance but the parent of future difficulty in the Far East. The rejection of the Protocol in terms almost of contempt was clearly the work of a man not only without faith in European solidarity, but also without the will to create that faith. The refusal to evacuate Cologne made doubly difficult the consolidation of republican sentiment in Germany. The elimination of Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. Lowes Dickinson from the committee on the Boxer indemnity was not only a peculiar piece of ungraciousness to Mr. MacDonald, but also the guaranty that the purely educational scheme will give way to commercial plans. Most people, I suppose, were relieved when Lord Curzon did not return to the Foreign Office. Yet compared with Mr. Chamberlain he seems likely to stand out as an imaginative and successful Minister.

No one of the government has made a reputation or revealed ideas except Mr. Baldwin. He is its one asset, and the one source of such popularity and interest as it arouses. What is his secret? Apart from great personal charm—a power to create personal confidence which reminds one of Lord Althorp a century ago—it consists, I think, in two things. He has a real gift of plain and direct utterance, and he is obviously and sincerely moved by the spectacle of popular suffering. No one thinks of him, as one thinks of Mr. Churchill or Lord Birkenhead, as the successful condottiere. One feels that he would do the right as he sees the right. He tries hard to discover ways and means to a great goal. He would make sacrifices of no small kind to secure that end. He has no personal ambition and little pride of place. He is not concerned with power for the sake of power. He is nothing so much as the cultivated country gentleman who wants to see the tenants on his estate happy and contented. He knows that an England divided into rich and poor cannot prosper. He is aware that the rich must make sacrifices if we are to recover our industrial position. He realizes that the impersonal character of modern industry has destroyed the old allegiance between master and man. I do

not believe there is a single member of the Labor Party in the House of Commons who doubts Mr. Baldwin's profound concern about the outlook.

But good feelings and right intentions are, after all, not likely to take us far. Mr. Baldwin's future is, I think, likely to be poor in achievement for several reasons. First, because the big industrialists do not sympathize with him; longer hours and shorter wages are still their solution for all our ills. Second, because, on these issues, he has not a united party behind him. Men like Sir A. Steel-Maitland, and the younger Tory democrats might fight for him; but the older men do not think as he thinks, and, if they were pressed too far, a crisis might easily develop within the party in which it would not be difficult to persuade Sir R. Horne—still angry that he was not given office—to lead a revolt. Third, because with an infinite good will, Mr. Baldwin has literally no ideas. He still believes in all the old shibboleths of capitalism, and, for him, if only capital and labor would sit in conference everything could be arranged in cheerful good fellowship. He does not see that what is challenged is the root structure of the present order, that the old allegiance has gone because the present system makes not a vestige of moral appeal to the working-class as a whole. He cries "Peace, Peace," when the terms of the problem as he states it, make inevitable the continuance of war. There are simple tests. Will Mr. Baldwin extend the Trade Boards Act? Will he introduce unification into the coal industry? Will he alter the inheritance laws? Will he control that form of embezzlement which, under the Companies Acts, is the avenue through which the joint-stock companies evade taxation? Will he keep youth out of the industrial market and seek seriously to fit it for the battle of life? These are the tests of an idealism such as his; and while I believe that research into the problem would persuade him to meet the challenge, I believe also that his party would destroy him in the effort.

For even granting, as I freely do, that there is a section of the Tory party to whom Mr. Baldwin's ideals make a genuine appeal—to men, for instance, like Lord Cecil among the politicians, and Mr. Garvin and Mr. Strachey among the journalists—in general there is no sign that the appeal predominates. Tories generally still think of the working-class as belonging to a different world. They still write of them as people who are lazy and shiftless and unenterprising—bad domestic servants, the natural prey of agitators, the fit hewers of wood and drawers of water. They still want the "season," and the display of Ascot and Henley. They still resent the social services for which they are taxed; and they do not see that those services are their safeguard against revolution. They eagerly want—and within two years this will be the crucial issue of English politics—such a reform of the House of Lords as will secure them against socialistic legislation from the next Labor government. They do not

intend to adopt working men as their candidates—except for some half dozen at a general election, in seats they cannot hope to win.

They still think of Parliament as a source of social prestige for the younger sons of an aristocracy not yet trained to other functions; the present Parliament has more young rentiers than any within living memory. They are still without active faith in international fellowship. They have no sense of the significance of Indian nationalism. The Russian revolution remains to them the accidental triumph of a handful of atheistic scoundrels. The magic of property is still their touchstone of right and wrong. They would not move an inch to grapple with the curse of the drink traffic. They would not—there are honorable exceptions—lift a finger to make secondary education available to all; even though the experts testify that three out of every four children are capable of benefitting by it. One must not judge the Tory party by Mr. Baldwin. One must set alongside his speeches, those of Lord Birkenhead at the general election, of the Duke of Northumberland, of Mr. Winston Churchill. One must remember the hatred of the trade unions, openly avowed by Tory industrialists, the demand for longer hours, the enthusiasm for a bigger navy and a bigger air force. All in all, I do not think it could be urged that Mr. Baldwin has promising material, simply because the interests represented by that material have neither the will nor the imagination even to glimpse the problem from his angle. How can they be generous, who do not know how to be just?

II

I do not, of course, doubt that, unless quite unforeseen circumstances arise, Mr. Baldwin's government will live out its natural term. It is at the moment the only practicable government for a period of transition. You cannot, with an old social system like that of Great Britain, educate men's minds to the acceptance of a drastic alternative in the brief space of half a dozen years. Men have still to grow accustomed to the realization that the Liberal Party is obsolete. They have still to make themselves face the idea of the Labor Party as the inheritor of the radical tradition. The thing moves. But I do not believe that it is a matter of the next election or even, perhaps, the election after that. Draw a line across England from Bristol to North Hertfordshire and, London apart, in the whole of the South there is only one Labor seat. The feudal tradition of agricultural England has still to be broken down. The final disappearance of Liberalism has still to be accomplished. Yet both of these things are, I believe, slowly but surely, destined to occur.

Let me take first the position of the Liberal Party. In debating power it is easily the first party in the state; but it counts for nothing with the country. It is still, despite frantic avowal to the con-

trary, a divided party. Its members do not go into the same lobby. Mr. Lloyd George is its chairman in the Commons; and a third of its members do not accept his leadership. Apart from its devotion to Free Trade, it has no policy of any kind. It survives only as an historic ghost. When Lord Oxford ceases to provide it with the unity he symbolizes, it will inevitably disintegrate. For Mr. Lloyd George is no longer hushed by anyone; and no one will make a party to give Sir John Simon or Sir Alfred Mond the chance of the Premiership. The genius of English politics demands a two-party system; and liberal ideas, so far as they have relevance to the new age, must be realized through different institutions.

The future of the left, I therefore conclude, belongs to the Labor Party. What is its position after seven months of opposition? In a sense, that is a complex question to answer. It has, I think, become now a matter of common agreement that the Labor Party is the natural alternative government in the country. It is fairly accepted that it sets the pace of English social thought. Some of its leaders, and especially Mr. Ramsey MacDonald, have become definitely national figures commanding general respect. What, at the moment, the Labor Party seems to lack is, first, clear leadership, and second, a coherent and concrete policy. Mr. MacDonald is, at the moment, the only possible leader for the party. But he does not seem to have made up his mind whether his function is to consolidate the driving force of his supporters or to win over the timid elector by rosewater socialism. At the second task he is amazingly successful; at the first he tends, I think, to take a little for granted that their faith does not need refreshment from the energetic comradeship of their commander. He would be well-advised to realize that what has made the Socialist Movement in England was the ability of men like Keir Hardie to immerse himself in the hopes of the rank and file. Mr. MacDonald, I think, does real good by unveiling pictures and speaking at civic functions; he persuades the middle classes that socialists are human. Yet a leader must think for and with his own army if he is to keep his place. No one in the Labor movement can rival Mr. MacDonald in the gifts which make a leader; but no one is less apt than he at remembering the conditions which make them effective.

Of lesser men, Mr. Thomas counts in the House and among the railwaymen; he is popular with big business and the court; but he has no following in the country. Mr. Snowden has a reputation for "soundness," which he amply deserves; but he could not lead the party. Mr. Henderson is the best party organizer of a generation, but he lacks the dominating personality which gives form to a great idea. Of the lesser men in the party none, as yet, has reached that rank where one speculates about their future in terms of an ultimate eminence.

Secondly, I have said, the party needs a coherent

and concrete policy. It is, at the moment, a coherence of groups rather than a fighting unit. It has moral but not tactical oneness. At one end is Mr. Thomas, whose ideas seem to me good nineteenth century liberalism; in the middle is the Fabian Socialism of Webb (still the main source of ideas that count) and the vague idealism of MacDonald himself; apart from these there are the much more radical Scotsmen like Maxton and Buchanan, with whom George Lansbury and the East London members mainly work. In charm and enthusiasm they are much the most attractive and single-minded group in the party; but they make, in general, for heat rather than for light. The party has too many catchwords, and too few detailed proposals as the embodiment of those catchwords. It needs far more research. It needs to acquire an expertness about industry in general such as it showed, in 1919, on the famous Sankey Commission. It needs to be sure of its policy on matters like the National Debt, the Bank of England, stabilization of prices. Its tendency is to have these examined not by the expert but by the able amateur at the centre of the party machine. It needs to think out much more clearly than it has done the problem of the balance between the industrial and the political sides of the movement. It still wants a real press. And it should, above all, make clear to itself the way in which it proposes to utilize parliamentary institutions when next it comes into power. Its cabinet must not, again, have to learn administration overnight.

Yet the party has growing faith in itself, and growing influence in the country. It inspires amazing devotion in its followers. It attracts increasingly men and women of all classes into its ranks. It has put its opponents on the defensive; and the temper of Mr. Baldwin's speeches is the measure of its power. It has, of course, to beware lest it sacrifice to what are called the "responsibilities of office" the substance of its faith. It has to maintain within itself the capacity for self-criticism which successful parties tend a little easily to lose. It must not again suffer intoxication from the heady wine of official prestige. It must convince itself that civil servants are in the departments as assistants and not as masters. It ought to respect tradition; but it must also learn to create it.

III

I do not desire to end on too optimistic a note. We are running a race with time in this country. Our system requires radical revision; and the stage is set for changes as vast in the economic régime as those of the nineteenth century were in the political. It is not easy to be confident that parliamentary institutions are as fitted to the former as, unquestionably, they were to the latter. Governments which attack the citadel of property take their lives in their hands; for great social changes have to be paid for, and their cost does not produce reasonableness in

the payers. Anyone who watched at all carefully the later months of the Labor government would have noted the care with which dishonest opposition to it was organized; the Zinoviev letter was only the final term in a striking series. Much, of course, could be effected if there came a period of prosperity; but I agree with Mr. Vanderlip in regarding that as dubious. What will be the consequence of great economic reform in a period of economic depression? One remembers that a fairly small change like Home Rule produced the Ulster Volunteers. Will big changes produce the necessary restraint in those adversely affected by them?

I ask the question without being able to answer

it, but it is this doubt which makes Mr. Baldwin's government of critical importance. If he is able—I am sceptical—to educate his party into reforms, he may make possible a peaceful transition to a new order. To avoid social upheaval in a civilization as complex and delicate as our own is as great a task as any to which a man can lay his hand. But the price of success is self-sacrifice. Few parties in history have had the courage to lay down their possessions in the name of justice. That is Mr. Baldwin's real mission; and much greater men than he, preaching its glory, have sent away in sorrow those who hoped to follow the new light.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Senator from Wisconsin

A Record Reflected in a Lifetime on the Front Pages

IT'S HARD to say the right thing about Bob LaFollette," said Borah when LaFollette died. "You know, he lived 150 years."

He lived 150 years. And he lived at least 120 of those years in the headlines: on the front page of the newspapers, because he was interesting, because to the editors who put him there the independence of his ways was either inspiration, menace, or sheer prank of nature.

He might have been in the headlines as long ago as 1875, a full half century ago, if college politics were a matter of less local interest. LaFollette, born on a Wisconsin farm, had come to the State University an outsider. Two Greek-letter clubs controlled all student meetings. They directed LaFollette's first class election. "Well," wrote LaFollette, some years later, "the fraternities made up their slate and put it through. That night I visited every non-fraternity man in the University, and we organized a sort of anti-secret society of some two hundred members. Then we called a new meeting. We reconsidered the action of the previous meeting, and had an open and honest election."

The first LaFollette bloc had wheeled into action.

A young man who was graduated from the University of Wisconsin at the age of twenty-four, and admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-five, presented himself at the age of twenty-six as candidate for District Attorney of Dane County. "I had no money," he explained. "And aside from the defense of a tramp charged with assault to kill and a few collection cases, I had no trial experience. But I had as fine an assortment of obligations and ambitions as any young man ever had."

LaFollette went into politics at twenty-six. It is interesting that when he decided to go into politics it did not occur to him to consult the organization.

Colonel Keyes, boss of Dane County, heard of a young man tinkering with letters to possible constituents. Keyes sent for him.

"You are fooling away your time," said Keyes. "The next District Attorney of Dane County will not be LaFollette."

"I intend," said LaFollette, "to go on with this canvass; and I intend to be elected."

Keyes knew the ropes. LaFollette didn't. But LaFollette was elected.

Philip Spooner was the second man to tell LaFollette he could not be elected to an office to which he wished to be elected. Philip Spooner was a brother to John C. Spooner and boss of a larger domain in politics than belonged to Colonel Keyes. He stopped LaFollette on the street to say: "What's this about your wanting to go to Congress?"

LaFollette said that he would like to try.

"Well, young man," said Spooner, "you can't try. Don't you know that there hasn't been a Congressman nominated here in fifteen years who hasn't had the support of the organization?"

It is an essential fact in LaFollette's story, and a fact which accounts for certain of his chief convictions, that he was able at twenty-six to defeat one boss and able at twenty-nine to defeat another. He came to Washington in 1885, the youngest member of a new Congress. And he came to Washington ten months before his term began, while an old Congress was still in session, to learn the ropes.

That fact, too, is more or less characteristic. The slow, painstaking study by means of which LaFollette acquired an understanding of what he wished to say has often been lost sight of in the fire with which he said it.

He had not dared, at twenty-nine, to hope that

he would be given a place in the House on the Committee on Judiciary, which was the committee he most desired; but he did have hope of appointment to the Committee on Public Lands. He explained this hope to Senator Philetus Sawyer, veteran of years and unquestioned leader of the Republican party in Wisconsin. He wished to be a member of the Committee on Public Lands, he said, because he knew that there was graft in public lands, and he would like to help put a stop to it.

Sawyer smiled. "Just leave that to me," he said. "Don't say a word to anybody else."

A month passed. What LaFollette found himself appointed to was Indian Affairs.

Now, Indian Affairs, in company with Census and Disposition of Useless Papers, is notoriously a place in which to bury a too eager amateur. It is regarded, save by the few chief members who control its funds, as an empty honor. LaFollette, however—as he describes himself—was "so eager to get to work at something" that he purchased a set of second-hand books on Indians, their tribes, their manners, and their movements, had all the documents relating to Indians in the library of Congress sent to his rooms, and actually read them.

The result was interesting. LaFollette discovered, among other things, that it was quietly proposed to take certain timber lands from the Menominee Indian Reservation, bury those lands in ponderous legislative clauses, and sell them to men whose virtue it was that they were white—all at a substantial profit to the buyers.

Something happened. An unknown Congressman from Wisconsin took the floor, compelled Washington to remember that there were Indians and to discuss the affairs of Indians for three days running. The bill to which that Congressman objected died in committee, abandoned by its sponsor.

Breaking with his party on the question of a ship subsidy, LaFollette found himself for the first time called a bolter. . . . "Whom should I see but Senator Sawyer [the same Senator Sawyer who controlled the party in Wisconsin] hurrying down the aisle to meet me. He was white with rage. He came directly at me, and jabbing me in the chest with the ends of his stubby fingers, said: 'Young man, young man, what are you doing? You are a bolter. You are a bolter, sir; you are a bolter!'"

"I was furious," LaFollette adds—furious at being called a bolter. "I revolted against the whole thing."

The years were to bring him peace of mind, so far as the charge of bolting was concerned, and, in a certain measure, compensation.

Out of Congress at the end of his third term, voted out in the Democratic landslide of 1890, LaFollette returned to Wisconsin and to his practice

of the law. He returned also to state politics. But it was ten years before he found himself a successful candidate again, elected Governor after a long fight with the magnificent machine of Sawyer, Payne and Spooner. It was two more years before, as Governor, he had a legislature in sympathy with his legislation.

It is interesting to note that when the correspondents of conservative metropolitan newspapers went to interview LaFollette in these days they did not find—for all his railway legislation and his taxes—the same demagogue whose return to national politics was to disturb them later. Thus a correspondent for the New York Tribune: "triumphant renomination . . . won by acclamation . . . vibrant with life and energy . . . smile that warms and wins . . . talks, whether beside his office table or on the platform, as if he meant every word . . . binds men to him with an affection so personal and frankly familiar that it finds expression in calling him 'Bob' . . ." and so forth.

LaFollette fought ill health almost from the day he entered the Senate to the day when he could fight no longer. He had not the physical stamina to stand the pace at which he drove himself. Time after time when he most needed it his strength failed him. It is really an amazing story that the years tell if we turn back to them.

LaFollette entered the Senate in 1905. For years he had overtaxed himself. In March, 1907, on a speaking trip through the Middle West his health broke; a sick man, he attempted to deliver an address in Boone, Iowa; broke down completely at its close; gave up his tour and was taken home.

In April, 1908—a year later—he was ill again, and out of the Senate for a month.

In August, 1910, in the middle of his first campaign for reelection, his health broke again. This time it was necessary to take him to Rochester, Minn., for an abdominal operation.

A year and a half later too much traveling, too much of a battle against a tariff bill, and an attack of ptomaine poisoning laid him low again. Stretched out between railroad stations with a coat thrown over him, he insisted upon delivering seven speeches in a trip across southern Illinois before he turned back home.

Within a month he was ill again—this time (February, 1912) suffering a complete nervous breakdown at Philadelphia. "He will be out," said a statement of his doctors, "as soon as he takes a rest and gathers strength again." It was not until May that the newspapers reported him back in the Senate with his health recovered.

Two years later, in February, 1914, came a long siege of neuritis. January, 1920, brought an infection and a return to Rochester. June, 1923, found him in a sanitarium at Battle Creek. November of the same year brought an attack of

grippe. And the following spring found him fighting for his life against pneumonia—against pneumonia at the age of sixty-nine. From that fight he emerged to throw himself immediately and passionately into a political campaign which took him through a dozen states. Another breakdown, seven months from the close of that campaign, and an end to all this fighting.

Surely, in any estimate of LaFollette, this side of his story must be borne in mind. If there is not courage here, and some willingness to fight against odds, these words have little meaning.

There was a second handicap, aside from any difficulty placed in his way by his opposition, against which LaFollette struggled, and that was his own reflection in the press. I am not thinking of the matter of "persecution." I think it can at least be argued that even the press which was most bitterly hostile to LaFollette did as much to help him as to harm him. There is a great deal of truth in the theory that the press can destroy a man in public life only by ignoring him; and certainly at no time was it LaFollette's lot to be ignored.

Nevertheless there are tags which can be used so consistently to identify a man that the tags confuse the reader; LaFollette was always tagged; in different periods of his life the tags read differently.

There was a time—LaFollette had just been enrolled as a member of the Senate—when it was impossible for him to attack a reactionary policy on the part of his own party without the suggestion being made that he had undertaken the attack in a sheer caprice of spirit. He was pictured in those days as the good-humored bad boy of American politics, "setting fire to his colleagues' whiskers"—I use a phrase of the *New York Globe's*, in 1909, which illustrates the point—"just for the pleasure of seeing the venerable owners cut a few capers."

Later came a new portrait to be superimposed in part upon the other: this time, in the throes of a post-war hysteria, LaFollette not as the actor but the dead-in-earnest agent of revolution via Moscow.

Pictures of LaFollette which catch one trait and miss a dozen others, pictures of LaFollette which catch ten traits and do not focus, pictures of LaFollette which catch nothing of the man and reflect only what a sympathetic or unsympathetic craftsman chooses to put on canvas, will continue to change hands and invite disagreement as they pass from one man to another. Why not, when it is easy to remember LaFollette in so many different moods and scenes and ventures?

There is LaFollette fighting for constructive legislation, and there is LaFollette seeking to smash what he insisted must be smashed because without smashing it he was convinced nothing could be built in place of what no longer served a social purpose.

There is LaFollette charged with sniping from

behind his party's lines, and LaFollette with a secure hold upon a certain public which agreed with him in thinking itself the true centre of the party.

There is LaFollette insisting in 1912 that "no aid or encouragement should be given to a third party plan to divide the progressive vote and destroy the progressive Republican movement," and there is LaFollette leading a third party with what strength remained to him a decade later.

There is LaFollette coming to Oyster Bay (June, 1910, for instance) to pitch hay with Theodore Roosevelt and call him one of the greatest of Americans; and there is LaFollette warning his friends that Roosevelt's was a fake progressivism.

There is LaFollette fighting ill health on a campaign trip into hostile territory, and there is LaFollette holding the floor of the Senate with endurance which would have shamed a six-day racer: fighting, in his most famous one-man filibuster, for eighteen hours against a united opposition.

There is LaFollette packing a hall with friends who would come miles to hear him discuss so tedious a subject as interstate control of commerce, and there is LaFollette packing a hall with enemies who jeered him and drew from him the promise, "You will hear me till I finish!"

There is LaFollette sailing for Europe on the best of terms with a group of colleagues who de-tested his ideas, and there is LaFollette pointing an accusing finger at his colleague, Lorimer, to cry: "The very atmosphere is surcharged with indignant protest that a man with a title to sit here should permit that title to be tainted."

There is LaFollette delighting one audience with the vituperation of which he was master—picturing the directors of the New Haven railway as "hired megaphones through which a beefy, red-faced bully drunk with power bawls his orders"—and there is LaFollette surprising another audience which had come to hear him on trusts with an address on Hamlet.

There is LaFollette attacking the press, and attacked by the press, and fraternizing with his friends among the owners and reporters of the press; there is LaFollette pacing restlessly before a microphone because he could not sense the unseen thousands listening somewhere behind it; there is LaFollette squaring his shoulders for the denunciation heaped upon him during war days, and there is LaFollette shaking his head to those whose advice it was to cut and run: "I may stand alone. I shall not mind it. I have become used to that in thirty years of battle."

Few men's lives have touched through politics so many hopes and fears in the lives of other people. There is only one theory upon which all that LaFollette did and tried to do and was credited and charged with doing can be made convincing. This man lived three lives, as Borah said—and lasted for two generations.

CHARLES MERZ.

I'm for Mr. Bryan

YOU have probably observed that William Jennings Bryan came to town recently, that is to say, New York. I didn't know he was expected hereabouts until one morning I found him waiting for me on my front porch. He was leaning against a milk bottle; as a matter of fact he had that bottle almost surrounded, for he was leaning against it in three places, once in the New York Herald-Tribune, once in the New York World, once in the New York Times. I ushered all three of him into the breakfast room and we had a nice, long chat. As usual with these fundamentalists I found myself in hearty agreement.

With the cynical attitude toward Mr. Bryan I have no sympathy at all. Fundamentalism is, of course, just as the cynics say, good publicity stuff nowadays, but I have always believed in Mr. Bryan's sincerity. The man impresses me as naïve rather than shrewd. Indeed I consider him one of those children of nature who feel rather than think. He has what is so often called feminine intuition. Something in the very marrow of his bones tells him that if you destroy the childlike faith of the masses in an orthodox Presbyterian hell a lot of them will go on the loose. He doesn't know just how he knows this or why it is true but that is the way he feels about it and under the circumstances he cannot dodge his call to duty. I admire the man's sincerity. His not to reason why, his but to do, and if need be, die.

Bryan is cast in the heroic mold. Scientific thinking has never been his forte; he is an orator. That word, by the way, comes from the Latin *orare*, which means to pray. During recent years many persons have been trying to pour cold water on Mr. Bryan's hell; also it is reported that numerous persons have gone on the loose. How closely the two facts are related I do not know, but Mr. Bryan, who travels more than I do, feels that one is cause and the other effect. He wants to stop this plunge toward perdition before it is too late.

I gave close attention to what he had to say on the subject, and, speaking as an agnostic, which I am, I must say that it impressed me deeply. Especially I was interested in his report that a lot of low-down biologists are bootlegging information about evolution into church schools. I don't think they ought to do that. In the first place a man with sufficient education to understand the full import of the theory of evolution ought to be too proud to draw a teacher's wages from fundamentalists. If they don't want that information why should he thrust it upon them? It has always been possible to establish schools on a foundation of scholarship. This modern idea that endowments are necessary is a mere fad. Good schools are still being established by capable, scholarly teachers who

have very little capital. Men who think along scientific lines ought to be eager for a comparison of their alumni with the graduates of strictly fundamentalist church schools.

Moreover any man who surreptitiously dispenses small helpings of the theory of evolution to job lots of girls and boys fresh from Sunday School ought to realize that he can't finish the job. The religious theory, as I understand it, is that mankind wobbles pathetically when attempting to stand upright on its hind legs and needs Divine help every hour. They have a song to that general effect that they sing in Sunday School. My theory, as an agnostic, is that a man had better get rid of his crutches and use the legs nature gave him, but that is two operations. Little bootleg doses of evolution might, just as Mr. Bryan fears, destroy the crutches, and still not teach the young sprouts to use their legs.

For instance, Mr. Bryan thinks that it is wrong to steal because one of the Ten Commandments says so, and that the state laws are based on the commandment. Millions of people share this belief with him. Therefore any man who proceeds to commit mayhem on the Ten Commandments ought to finish the job and explain that no people ever needed a divine revelation to find out that stealing is unsocial and just as contrary to the peace and dignity of a tribe of naked savages as it is contrary to the peace and dignity of the state of New York. Once you start on this job you have got to go clear through, otherwise you take a man's crutch away from him without teaching him to use his legs. I don't see how a bootlegger can possibly finish this job. It isn't a sleight-of-hand performance; you have to come right out in the open to do it. And the purpose of it isn't primarily to break down religion but to introduce a totally new method of thought, a method which I believe is far more valuable than revealed religions in imposing moral restraints. Followed out to its inevitable conclusion it teaches you that when you steal you have damaged yourself far more than your victim and that there is no profit in the enterprise. Moreover it imposes stern and difficult penances long before time for going to hell. We who are our own priests and must therefore face a judge who utterly knows us when we seek absolution have discovered that about the only way we can win pardon for theft is through restitution. A Christian can escape with a much lighter sentence. As I understand it the primary requirement for him is to repent. For a full-fledged agnostic that's just the start; he has to go on from there to a realization that he was a jackass for wasting his time in any such idiotic enterprise, and that he had better close the deal permanently by restoring the goods. Otherwise he can't prove to himself that he has attained sanity. Now, what

would be the profit in destroying Mr. Bryan's serviceable Presbyterian hell, unless you are going to provide something that completely takes its place? For people who won't or can't think—and there are plenty of both—hell is a practical necessity.

The situation, however, is very much complicated by the fact that the public schools of Tennessee are now involved, along with the church schools. We have, or used to have, a Constitution, which ought to provide a prompt solution for that problem. I should like very much to forecast that it will do so in the present instance, but my last appearance as a great constitutional lawyer occurred some fifteen years ago. Not long after I left school I was very good on constitutional questions. Most school boys were. Make no mistake; I am not trying to be funny; there was a day when an intelligent high school boy could guess right four times out of five on the meaning of the Constitution as applied to a specific case. Since then weird things have happened. The court may hold that prohibiting the theory of evolution from the public schools of Tennessee is a local police power. Certainly chapters from the Bible are read daily in thousands of our public schools, although in theory we have no state church. I never have been able to understand just how that was managed but it appears to be legal.

However, I can clearly understand Mr. Bryan's position in this matter. He is a Democrat with both lower case and capital D. He believes the majority should rule. He believes that a majority of the people of Tennessee, also a majority of the taxpayers, are opposed to having the theory of evolution taught in the schools of that state. He asserts that there are only about ten thousand scientists in this country and that they ought not to rule the schools. I think he has leaned over backwards in an effort to be fair to the scientists in this matter of numbers. There may be 10,000 persons in this country who call themselves scientists but no country ever had that many real ones. Einstein would more probably estimate the number at ten or twelve. Edison might think of a hundred or more. Scientists have always been rare birds and democrats have always been in the majority. They never have understood each other very well and I am not certain that any short cut to amity exists.

As long as people don't care to do a great deal of thinking, orthodox religions are probably very good for them. If they are fatally bent on thinking, the raw materials for first aid, or at least most of them, can still be sent through the United States mails. Personally I should like to see some large political entity like the state of Tennessee completely cut itself off from modern trends of thought. It would be a very interesting experiment, from the scientific point of view. I wouldn't be mean enough to impose any such disaster upon millions of people, but if they wish to offer themselves as a sacrifice, and even insist upon it, I, for one, would be willing to see how it worked out. We who hold to

the scientific method of thought both in the social and chemical laboratory ought to face a future comparison of results with complete equanimity. Speaking for myself alone, I have no objection. Tennessee is by no means a small state but the shape of it is long and narrow; one ought to be able to walk out in a week, at most. That, and the fact that I don't live there, coupled with the high probability that no very large number of budding scientists would be strangled anyway, were my principal reasons for agreeing quite heartily with Mr. Bryan. He is a very interesting old man; just think of it: sixty-five and still on the stump for God and country.

CHESTER T. CROWELL.

Washington Notes

THE more thick-headed of our "political leaders" evince a disposition to consider that the death of Senator LaFollette, so quickly followed by that of Senator Ladd, marks a practical collapse of the Progressive bloc in the Senate and removes anything like effective opposition in the next session to the Old Guard program and control no matter how reactionary.

The theory is that with LaFollette, the single uncompromising fighter with whom it was impossible to talk business on any terms, out of the way, there is no longer any real point to a continuance of the political excommunication of his followers. Hence there is in inside quarters a conviction that soon after Congress convenes both Brookhart and Frazier will be eased back into the fold—not with any beating of drums calculated to render querulous or questioning the constituencies behind these two survivors of the LaFollette group, but gently and without noise or smoke.

It is held that by a judicious and gradual restoration of patronage plus a certain amount of timely pressure on tender spots the smooth and oily Curtis, working through the astute Cal, will be able to make of them both fairly dependable fellows in a crisis.

I do not contend that there is not much logic in this idea. It may work out that way. The contest which still hangs over Senator Brookhart's seat quite naturally tempers his zeal for battle against the forces which have the power at any time to pull it from under him. Nor is there any use disguising the fact that Senator Frazier does not glow inside.

It may be fairly easy to make these two formerly devoted followers of the dead leader regular enough for all practical purposes and no doubt it will be tried. However I do not believe they can be so solidly cemented to the machine that they cannot be pried away by the right man on the right issue. Those who look below the surface reject the thought that the progressive forces will wholly cease to function because one leader has fallen even though he was a great one.

It is true that Johnson can establish neither contact nor confidence and that Norris, while willing to lead, has no real leadership ideas. He does not quite ring the bell. But there is still Borah. As a matter of fact Borah is the real hope—the one best bet. Utterly unlike LaFollette, without any of his heat or hatred, on friendly terms with the White House and the administration leaders and largely im-

personal in his attacks, none the less Borah, in addition to a well balanced brain has a sound progressive heart. His friends here have a feeling, which I fully share, that the LaFollette death will force him forward as the real Progressive leader and that as such he will in the long run be more effective than any other man. The logic of things, they contend, points directly to him.

The point is that Borah, inherently and heartily progressive, cannot fail to recognize the necessity for the powerful presentation in the Senate and in the country of the progressive view. He is far too keen not to know that unless a constant fight is waged the great financial interests which dominate this administration even more completely than they did the last, will achieve a strangle hold on the country sufficiently strong to choke to death every liberal aspiration and block all progress save along utterly materialistic lines.

So long as LaFollette lived that sort of fight was sure to be made in season and out in the Senate. There was not an inch of compromise in him and he neither asked nor gave quarter. With LaFollette gone there is really no one left except Borah capable of fighting effectively along similar lines and for the same principles. My belief is that he will not only take up the fight, unostentatiously assuming the leadership, but that there will follow him in the Senate a group just as large if not so well disciplined as LaFollette's.

For one, I simply cannot conceive of Senator Borah's doing anything else. I cannot conceive him content tamely to accept the big business program prepared for Mr. Coolidge by Mr. Mellon, Mr. Morrow, and Mr. Butler. All three of these gentlemen are honest, patriotic and respectable but inside they are as different from Borah as black from white. To keep in permanent political accord with them and with Mr. Coolidge he would have to make himself over. There is no danger of his doing it.

The lapse of time does not alter the impression made by that extraordinarily harsh—not to say brutal—public statement about Mexico which the mild-mannered Mr. Kellogg issued a few weeks ago. It was not only so violently against precedent but so wholly out of keeping with the character of the new Secretary of State that the thought at once occurred to every one that there must be something back of it quite out of the usual. There was. Mr. Sheffield was back of it, and the inside story of how and why it was put out constitutes a rather remarkable piece of diplomatic history. So far as I can recall it is the first time an Ambassador ever left his job, came back to Washington and pushed the President of the United States, the Secretary of State and the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee into action which all three disapproved and did not want to take. Yet that, I am informed, is what happened.

As I get the story what developed was this: Mr. Sheffield, being an energetic tin tuck New York business man, started in to get results in Mexico by New York business methods. He bombarded the Mexican government with protests of one sort and another, lodging, so it is said, no less than 500 in less than a year. Undoubtedly his protests were well-founded and his cause good but he completely failed to get results. Instead he got completely disgusted—the natural reaction of the go-getter type of business man. When he came to Washington he was what might be described as red-headed over being ignored. He was mad all the way

through and determined to have his own government back him in a way that would jar the Mexican government clear to its heels, thus proving to Mr. Calles that he was not a man to be lightly brushed aside.

In this frame of mind and with his plan firmly and clearly outlined he proceeded to out-talk Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Borah. All three of them although they thoroughly sympathized with Mr. Sheffield's feelings, would much have preferred the usual diplomatic note method of dealing with the situation. But that gentleman proceeded to argue so eloquently as to the inadequacy of the usual thing that he swept them off their feet.

Mr. Kellogg, it is related, weakened first. Mr. Coolidge, knowing less about the situation and being less at home in dealing with such matters than the other two, did what he always does, which is agree with his Secretary of State. During Mr. Hughes's régime he leaned on him and took his judgment. He is doing the same thing with Mr. Kellogg. As to Senator Borah, he was overpowered by Sheffield's superior information and first-hand knowledge.

Reports from those who are just back from Wisconsin are to the general effect that the administration political leaders are planning, now that LaFollette has gone, to crush LaFollettism in that section and bring it back into the regular Republican fold. Actually their plans do not stop with Wisconsin but cover the whole of the northwest territory in which progressive sentiment is and always has been strong. The idea is that the present popularity of Mr. Coolidge and the warmth with which his economy propaganda has been received, coupled with the vacancies created in the Senate by the deaths of Ladd and LaFollette, make this a most propitious time not only to fill their places with conservative Republicans but to take away primary control from the so-called radical element. To further these extremely laudable ends the benevolent Senator Butler in his capacity as Chairman of the National Committee is about to start—or may have started by the time this is printed—for the Northwest, there to bring into play his well known and justly famous powers of conciliation.

The Democrats ought to wish him luck. No better fortune could possibly befall their hamstrung and flattened party than for Mr. Butler to achieve a hundred percent success along this line. Beyond question they—the Democrats—would immensely profit. The thousands of Republican voters in the great States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota who are inherently liberal would most certainly revolt against domination by their local reactionary element, advised and backed by the New England group of statesmen now in control of the government at Washington. And when they revolt they will have no place to go, as things are, except toward the Democratic Party.

A further report from this section not without interest is that the low-tariff sentiment among the farmers is perceptibly increasing. They are said to be renewing their indignation over the bunk sold them last year that the farmer would profit by the high protective rates. The low-tariff spectre in the West is always cropping up to worry the Republican managers in the East. More than once before the farmers out there have grown genuinely and completely mad over this tariff matter and when they get in that condition they do things to the Republican Party.

Can you imagine a better person to argue with the farmer on this theme than the multi-millionaire textile manufacturer from Massachusetts?

Washington.

T. R. B.

A Note on Advertising

TO avoid controversy let us not call advertising an art. It is, none the less, a fascinating manifestation of American impulses, as expressive of certain things about us as any art we possess; and nothing gives the tempo of American life more definitely than the speed with which advertising changes its appeal and its direction.

The great change has been the almost total disappearance of the seductive, cajoling, sample-free style of advertisement. The copy-writers and mechanical geniuses of the electric signs now bulldoze you (with the unnerving repetition of the Fisk "time to retire" yawn or the last drop of Maxwell coffee endlessly falling into the void) or excommunicate you (the halitosis ads of Listerine). Cajolery has changed to a subtle seduction, as in the class-advertising which hardly describes the product at all but concentrates on the superior social qualities of its patrons. Under a lithograph of "Polo at Cannes. Here gather *les élites* from every social capital" you read in the theatre program:

In Continental boudoirs, this is the approved *mode des parfums*: "Each so lovely aid of the dressing hour: the rouge, the face powder, the talc, the *eau de toilette*, the creams, the lip rouge—must breathe the same Parisian *odeur*." So then, will *la demoiselle Américaine* choose all my *spécialités Djer-Kiss*—for all possess the alluring French fragrance of my supreme creation—*Parfum Djer-Kiss* itself.

It sounds, my friend Lewis Galantiere suggests, as if it might have been written by an Armenian. Actually it is snob-copy of the most obvious kind: note "continental" instead of "European," and "boudoirs," and the avoidance of our equivocal "toilet," and "*la demoiselle Américaine*" instead of "milady." It is wholly different in spirit from "They Satisfy" and "It's Toasted" where there can be no snob appeal and a simple fact is supposed to do the trick. The He-Man style survives in slang ads, but generally advertising to the middle class of buyers is divided between information and the direct or indirect threat. The implication of the Djer-Kiss ad is, of course, that if you use any other "mode des parfums" you are a bounder. More direct are the ads against baldness and for the Five-foot Shelf and the Book of Etiquette. Direst of all are the threats in "Four out of Five" and in the picture of the almost too dainty lady, daintily named Heloise, who, with her back to the red-cap says, "Meeting Edward would be such a wonderful pleasure—if I could only get him to remember that one thing." The halitosis ads differ; the traveling salesman who never knew until a child told him appears in the American Magazine; the more "insidious" ones in Vanity Fair and Harper's Bazaar.

Æsthetically many of our American ads are good, and comparison with the native British product indicates that our studies in applied psychology are paying. But the most interesting thing about an ad is its readers, or rather is the working assumption that the readers will be moved to buy. To the outsider that means that there are people who respond favorably to the extraordinary stimuli supplied in advertising copy. Not merely those to whom a name like Love Nest or Boyshform is actively attractive; not merely that "the utmost in cigarettes" repeated a million times will lead you to Dieties; but that you or your friends or somebody is taken in by what *la demoiselle Américaine* will do

or delicately refrain from doing, and will feel the slur (and the opportunity) in:

Everybody doesn't always buy Oshkosh Trunks.
Everybody doesn't always travel in Pullmans, either.
But the best people do both—

and the flattery in "because you love nice things."

Perhaps because we have grown rich, advertising has gone undemocratic. It is so adroit, so alert, that you can be sure it has either caught up with a current frame of mind or created it. You may assume that people with \$2,500 to spend will be attracted by "The Instrument of the Immortals" rather than by "made by contented workmen." You may say that the fatuity of some ads must repel, as the unconscious humor of others must evoke contempt; but the milady genre and Addison Sims and Tiz prove that you know nothing about it. Nor do you know much about America until you have read the short history of Main Street in

This is what I Think

I think I am going to live about ninety years.
I don't want a lot of money, but I want the respect of people who know how to live.
I don't want to be uncomfortable, physically or mentally.
I don't want to put on airs by displaying my wealth.
I want to live on a street with people of good taste—

ending with "I want a Great Jordan Line Eight" to which is attached the Babbitt aspiration (that trip to Maine he took) in a sketch of a girl casting in hip boots, and the legend, "You can talk about bridge—and what was that Chinese game?—[Note the cruel speed of America] you can ramble on about golf—But—every regular fellow knows where I'd like to be—"

Few of the ads here cited seem to me good. I prefer the brief, informative, not starchily dignified, not falsely sporting type. Some of the best of these, it is odd to find, are in the advertisements of women's clothes. In spite of the fake "Paris" touch, the following (from a Franklin Simon ad) is straight copy: "La Danseuse is the short slip that Paris wears—with her new abbreviated skirts. A petit costume slip of heavy silk crêpe meteor with wide bands of cream lace—slashed at the sides for dancing." Pencils, fountain pens, drills—everything mechanical except motor-cars is advertised thus. And occasionally you are met with an ad which transcends all the rules and is successful:

Lightning on the hills
Clamor of wind
Whimper of rain
Storm dead ahead.
Hold to it
In spite of the gale
and the slippery hills
the sharp and slithery curves
Safe home

about which the only catch is that it is not an ad for a car or for tires, but for Socony gasoline—an ad, I suppose, in favor of motoring per se. One begins to believe that all our young literary men are in the agencies; their books are so often like ads and their ads like ads too.

GILBERT SELDES.

Movies and Burlesque

THERE is a rumor that the National Winter Garden Burlesque has fallen a victim to the current purity wave and been obliged to abate the Aristophanic license for which it was formerly celebrated. The management of the National Winter Garden (not the Broadway Winter Garden, *bien entendu*, but the one at Second Avenue and Houston Street) has been kind enough to supply the New Republic with a season pass and, as the result of a recent visit, the writer of these notes is happy to announce that this report is entirely unfounded and to recommend the Minsky Brothers' Follies as still among the most satisfactory shows in town. The great thing about the National Winter Garden is that, though admittedly as vulgar as possible, it has nothing of the peculiar smartness and hardness one is accustomed to elsewhere in New York. It is refreshing because it lies quite outside the mechanical routine of Broadway. Though more obscene, it is more honest and less self-conscious than the ordinary risqué farce and, though crude, on the whole more attractive than most of the hideous comic supplement humors of uptown vaudeville and revue. Nor is it to be confounded with the uptown burlesque show like the Columbia, which is now as conventional, as wholesome and as boring as any expensive musical comedy. The National Winter Garden has a tradition and a vein of its own.

For one thing, the National Winter Garden goes in for a type of beauty which has long passed out of fashion elsewhere: the National Winter Garden has no use for the slim legs and shallow breasts the present taste for which has been exploited by Ziegfeld and by the other uptown producers. Save for their bobbed hair and modern shoes, the chorus at the National Winter Garden might have come out of the photographs of Casino girls in old *Munsey's Magazines* of the nineties. Furthermore, the humor of the National Winter Garden is different from the humor of other shows. It consists principally, to be sure, of gags but they are not the gags you are accustomed to. For all their violence, the comic interludes have a certain freshness and wit. The National Winter Garden's current version of Antony and Cleopatra is particularly gratifying. "I'm dying! I'm dying!" groans Antony—whereupon all the rest of the company—Cæsar, Cleopatra, the Roman soldiers and the beautiful Egyptian slave-girls—break into a rousing shimmy to the refrain "He's dying! He's dying!" "I hear the voices of the angels!" says Antony. "What do they say?" inquires Cæsar. "I don't know," answers Antony. "I don't understand Polak." He is groggy; he staggers; he faints: "I hear the cockroaches calling me!" he cries. And from the orchestra is heard the sinister and acrid, the sullen chant of the expectant roaches. When he is dead, Cleopatra applies to her breast what is described as a "vasp"—she falls prone over Antony's body and Cæsar places upon her posteriors a wreath which he waters with a small watering-pot. Then it is the turn of Britannicus and Charmian to die. How this is accomplished the pages of this magazine are not the proper place to record; but when the heartbroken tire-woman falls lifeless upon the body of the faithful follower, she explodes a small toy balloon which he has been wearing as a false chest.—There is also a remarkable gallows scene which begins as an affecting piece of realism and ends up as a low joke.

The orchestra at the National Winter Garden is energetic even in summer; the girls are not only in robust physical condition but appear to take an interest in the show

and are sometimes seen to laugh out of character at the jokes. The audience is keenly appreciative and the house peals with an easy thunder more sympathetic and more infectious than the punctual crashes of applause uptown. The theatre is well ventilated because it is at the top of a building of several stories: out an exit you see the foothills of the downtown buildings against the pale lilac-grey sky. After the show, you walk down the fire escape.

The great reputation of the National Winter Garden was a Yiddish comedian named Jack Shargel, now retired from the stage. He is said to have brought to the raw buffooneries of the burlesque show a touch of wistfulness, of sadness, suggestive of Chaplin and Lew Fields. An habitu   of the theatre in its best period tells me that on one occasion Shargel received a rose from a beautiful lady just going off: he kissed it, he smelt it in ecstasy, then with a graceful and infinitely tender gesture stretched his arm and tossed it away: it fell with a crash of glass.

The feature films, in so far as I have seen them, have been rather disappointing this season—that is, assuming you expected anything of them. Grass was interesting in the same fashion as the *National Geographic Magazine*. *Quo Vadis*, made in Italy on an enormous scale, was old-fashioned in photography and mediocre in imagination—with Emil Jannings doing what he could with a heavily melodramatized Nero as its only interesting element. Madame Sans-G  ne followed up the new departure inaugurated in last season's *Zaza* by providing another inappropriate vehicle for Gloria Swanson, who should never be allowed, as in these new films, to attempt r  les requiring sprightliness, agility or abandon: she was far more satisfactory in the old days when she used merely to look stiff and majestic and to wear clothes. Romola was better than Sans-G  ne but not without its dreary aspects. Lillian Gish is undoubtedly an actress: in this respect, she is probably almost unique among the American women of the screen. But there are so few things she can do! When we have seen her lower lip tremble in indication of suppressed anguish, when we have seen her run first a few steps in one direction, then a few steps in the other to signify consternation, we have had almost her complete range. The *Lost World* was more satisfactory and, in its way, more successful than any of these: besides its admirable animated models of dinosaurs, it had the advantage of an excellent wonder story from a novel of Conan Doyle.

Far and away the best film of the season, one might almost say of any season, was, of course, *The Last Laugh*, which has already been described in these pages. In fact, with the exception of Chaplin's films, almost all the really good things of recent years have come from Germany and France instead of from America—*The Last Laugh*, *Dr. Caligari*, *Crainquebille*. Another interesting French movie, of which an American version has been made but which has never yet been publicly shown, is a film called originally *L'Atre*, a realistic tragedy of peasant life with a theme strikingly similar to that of *Desire Under the Elms*. It contains some excellent acting and some charming photographic imitations of the landscapes of Corot and altogether is one of the most impressive of ambitiously serious pictures. It made the reputation of the French director, Robert Boudrioz. But the owner of the American rights has never yet been able to dispose of them. It is thought that American moving-picture audiences would find its tragic brutalities as distasteful as they did the macabre fancies of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*.

EDMUND WILSON.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Mrs. Austin's Method

SIR: In your issue of June 3 there is a review of two recent books of mine which is so generous and goes so far toward understanding of my method and purpose, that I am sure the reviewer will not resent my calling attention to a serious and characteristic failure to understand in one particular. Characteristic of high class American reviewing, I mean, inasmuch as it permits the reviewer to do what he accuses the writer of not doing, and that is, to establish conclusions without evidence.

Mr. Ayres assumes, perhaps, that my disregard of "the male ritual of scholarship," in which he seems to think I am justified, in so far as it relates to my handling of material, is also extended to my method of collecting material, and so describes me as using "shoddy" material, and concepts not generally accepted by orthodox scientists. Mr. Ayres is not quite clear as to what these concepts are, for I certainly have no concept of "racial consciousness" that is not the very foundation of all modern science, i.e., that consciousness is educable, and that the range of its education through experience is transmitted through successive generations, within the type history, and so becomes a factor in determining type. Just as the great sahuaro cactus has become what it is through ages of experience in adjusting itself to progressive conditions of drouth, so the human race type arrives, and finds its success as a type determined by the free play of that inheritance upon its immediate environment. I should like, if Mr. Ayres finds this theory of racial consciousness "shoddy," to have him explain the relation of harmony in music to racial evolution, as I have suggested in *Everyman's Genius*.

I am not sure what your reviewer means in reference to a "clairvoyant" sense, but I suppose he is referring to the chapters on intuition. Here again all the orthodox scientists seem to agree with me, to the effect that for the allowed 15,000,000,000 years that life has existed on this globe, for all but a billion or so it has been sustained by an intuitive form of consciousness, without sense organs and without what we know as intelligence. Also that until birth, and in some particulars for the whole of its life, every human being is so sustained. In fact, I know both psychologists and botanists who are willing to assume unknowing consciousness in plants—consciousness in this case being defined as an accommodation between two tropisms. This is further than I am able to go myself, though I am willing to take their word for it.

It is true that many scientists would not go so far with me in allowing the operation of this intuitive consciousness in everyday human life. But then no scientist has devoted years to the study of this phenomenon as I have. And on the other hand I know individual scientists who go further than I, and assert that it is only necessary for truth to get into *one* consciousness, without being uttered in words or in print, to be able to get into the thought stream.

But even if no one agreed with me, that would not necessarily give Mr. Ayres the right to call my conclusions "shoddy." I gather that he does not realize fully that these conclusions of mine, which are almost always stated in the book with explicit reservations, are original conclusions. He probably supposes that I have adopted them from some unscholarly source. But in fact, there is no difference between my methods of arriving at conclusions, and that of any field observer in the natural sciences, in several of which I have special training, and to several of which I have made modest, but original contributions.

It is therefore not impossible that I should make original contributions to psychological research. And if I am mistaken in some of those conclusions in which I extend my inquiry further than orthodox science has gone, that is a predicament in which orthodox science often finds itself on a new trail. It is not necessarily unscientific or shoddy to make mistakes. The chief difference between my published work and that of any other scientist, is that whereas the male scientist feels obliged to go trailing all his fructifying sources after him as the queen bee trails the entails of her mate, I, when I have got what I want, tear off the rest and throw it away.

But I seldom throw it so far that I can't take it back and reconsider my conclusions if anybody offers me ground for such reconsideration, which Mr. Ayres has not yet done.

I am making a point of this because while Mr. Ayres is almost

the only reviewer who seems to have grasped and agreed with my reasons for handling discovered truth *creatively*, he seems unwilling to admit any but the conventional male method of discovery of truth, or the method that male scientists like to think that they use.

At any rate I thank him for just this failure to understand, since I now clearly see that my next step in the study of genius will be to uncover the method by which truth really is discovered, in a study of the genius of science.

MARY AUSTIN.

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Students' Hands Across the Seas

SIR: It is a fact that a "World-Intercollegiate Life" is developing today. More than at any other time since the Middle Ages students of different lands travel, visit each other, and seek to establish direct connections across all national frontiers.

An interesting expression of this developing world-intercollegiate life is the student's international magazine *Vox Studentium*. This is a journal of 20 pages, chiefly in English, but using also French and German. Launched in July, 1923, in answer to the unanimous request of 135 students from 32 countries, it now goes out monthly to 45 lands.

I believe that many of your readers will be glad to know of *Vox Studentium*. The subscription is 60 cents, and orders may be sent to The Student Friendship Fund, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

DONALD GRANT,
Editor, *Vox Studentium*.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Robert M. LaFollette

SIR: A bold and picturesque figure in American public life has passed to fame's eternal camping ground. The student of history is familiar with the fact that a generation, at best, brings forth but a few powerful personalities, a few great characters who tower above their contemporaries, and who by the force of their genius give tone and color to the public life of their day. Such a man was Robert Marion LaFollette.

For thirty years he kept the fires of the progressive spirit lighted on the hills. When a comparatively young man, he led the movement to rescue the government of the state of Wisconsin from the sinister control of the public utility interests. The "Wisconsin Idea," which is inseparably connected with his career, has not only withstood the attack of its enemies in his home state, but also it has served as a model for the other commonwealths of the Union. As a member of Congress, for more than twenty-five years, he will be revered as the valiant champion of the plain people in their struggle to shake off the strangle-hold of monopoly. Woodrow Wilson in 1912 declared, "I take off my cap to Bob LaFollette. . . I love these lonely figures climbing the ugly mountain of privilege."

Maligned and misunderstood, he lived to see 90 percent of the important planks in his Presidential Platforms from 1908 to 1924 incorporated into the law of the land. The impartial student of his stormy career will relate to another generation the fact that this incomparable crusader was guilty of but a single crime—the crime of being ahead of his time!

FORREST R. BLACK.

Tiffin, Ohio.

A Circular Letter

SIR: For nine years I have been publishing my own books. In that period I have published thirteen new books and reprinted ten old ones. I have sold some three hundred thousand volumes, at prices which have meant, in the single case of *The Brass Check*, a saving to my readers, over the prices charged by regular publishers, of more than a quarter of a million dollars.

I find myself unable to continue this work, because of the constant strain and worry of raising working capital to pay for new plates and new printings. I am therefore sending a circular to my readers advising them they will have to help me carry this burden, if the business is to continue.

I do not wish to organize a profit-making corporation and capitalize my name; I am proposing to establish a publishing cooperative, to be owned and run by its members. A membership share will cost ten dollars, payable in installments if desired, and the members will have the privilege of buying books at half price, and possibly at less. The enterprise will start free of debt, and will have the free use of the plates of twenty-seven books which have cost about \$22,000. I am offering to accept about half the customary royalty, and to give my time to managing the enterprise for less than half the customary salary. Any of your readers who are interested in my books may have full particulars for the trouble of sending their name and address on a postcard.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Cal.

Scaligerites

SIR: If I were to build a university, I should build it in the slums of a large city. It should not nestle close to the bosom of a peacefully slumbering village. No aristocratic eminence in the heart of a residential district should wear it as a crown. The Chancellor's study should look out upon factories and dives. The Dean, sitting in his office amidst a multitude of stenographers and flunkies, should have a chance to see from his window brutalized faces and dwarfed bodies. The seminar in economic theory should discuss Alfred Marshall from where they could hear beggars whining, and see perhaps the cowering face of a woman upon whom years of toil in house and shop have left their stamp. His theories of the increasing fulness of life of the working classes might then be subjected to some severe scrutiny.

For five years I lived peacefully on the campus of a famous university in New England. I spent my time reading Swinburne and Justinian's Code. In the intervals between studies I walked about the campus, which was enclosed with venerable buildings, forming an ideal retreat. On the gateways there were signs informing tramps, salesmen and the rest of the rabble that they were not wanted.

Very fine, if you wish only quiet. But consider it. You are keeping out life. If I were to build a college, I should placard the campus with signs reading: "Tramps, cripples, salesmen, lovers, lunatics, poets, drunkards, laborers, and prostitutes: Enter and be welcome!" Then perhaps we would be making some approach to an understanding of life.

As it is, what have we? "What beautiful towers!" murmurs the lady visitor, with a Sunday-tourist-ecstatic glance. Ah, my lady, they are beautiful. But they are also damnable in their effect on those that live and work in their shadows—on students and professors alike. That slender lad, that urbane man—for them those towers are a curse. In some such ivory tower lived Scaliger. In Paris, on St. Bartholomew's, he translated a Hebrew manuscript all day without noticing that anyone was being massacred.

MAXWELL ALAN LERNER.

St. Louis, Mo.

More About Instincts

SIR: I write regarding a short review of L. L. Bernard's *Instinct, A Study in Social Psychology*, by Leslie A. White, in the issue of the *New Republic* for May 20, 1925. My objections to this review are as follows:

1. It does not give Bernard credit for very careful and systematic work upon a point of view somewhat different from the one ordinarily in vogue in the social sciences.

2. It depreciates Bernard's attempt to mark out and delineate by careful thinking some parts of the field of sociology or at least social psychology.

3. It minimizes Bernard's attempt to lay the foundations for an exact terminology in sociology.

If we admit for purposes of argument that Bernard depreciates biological equipment as a factor in social causation (which he may or may not do according to whether we take instinct to mean something definite or everything we haven't investigated) (see page 6 for a definite statement) then we must admit that Bernard has presented his case as ably as did Huntington in *The Character of Races*, and that book was given a much more sympathetic review by John Langdon-Davies in the *New Republic* for February 4, 1925.

Eyer Newton Simpson in the *Educational Supplement* of the *New Republic* for February 4, 1925, has pointed out what I think is the dominant viewpoint among the younger school of sociologists regarding the lack of "objectivity" and "a common universe of discourse" in sociology. Yet Bernard's monograph, which is distinctly

devoted to a careful survey of a concept in an important part of the field, is discredited by the reviewer because it does not furnish a "solution."

Again let us grant for purposes of argument that all of Bernard's statements are completely wrong. (I refer the reviewer to Sir Arthur Newsholme's *Elements of Vital Statistics*, 1924 edition, page 110, and also his monograph on *The Declining Birth Rate*, for similar statements by an eminent British scientist.) Yet I believe Bernard's attempts to get somewhere in the discussion and his systematic procedure in this world-old problem should at least be given more serious consideration than is given to the Stoddard and Wiggam varieties of scientific procedure. The *New Republic* is a journal of opinion. Numbers of us depend upon the book reviews in this and similar magazines to select our reading from the thousands of books bordering upon the social sciences. Bernard's book was given a distinctly different type of review by Ellsworth Faris in the March, 1925, issue of the *American Journal of Sociology*. I should like to see more broadmindedness used in the review columns of the *New Republic*. Opinion as yet in the field of social theory cannot safely be dogmatic.

CARLE C. ZIMMERMAN.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Translators for Diplomats

SIR: In your issue of July 1 you say: "You can go a long way with a Mexican by persuasion, by courtesy, by recognition of his point of view." You might have added that you can go a long way with an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German or a Chinaman by the same means. In fact our State Department nearly always does go a long way when dealing with a first-class power—unless, indeed, Russia may be so classified. But it is obvious that few secretaries of state and few ambassadors to second-class powers, much less to third- or fourth-class powers, ever take the trouble to be persuasive or courteous or to recognize the lesser nation's point of view.

What our State Department needs is a Translation Bureau, not merely to turn international missives into the proper languages but to adapt them to the psychology of the recipients. If such a bureau existed, a Hughes, a Kellogg or a Sheffield might couch his intended message in language suitable to the legal representative of a collection agency, as in fact is generally the case, leaving it to a bright young man in the bureau to put good manners into it. This might often involve a complete rewriting, but the loss to literature would, I believe, be comparatively slight.

Such a bureau might fittingly be headed by an anthropologist or, better yet, a philosopher. Then, at least, we should have fewer of those wars and rumors of wars—and history shows them to be many—which are due to the arrogance, conceit and ignorance of state departments.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

New York, N. Y.

A Correction

SIR: In the current issue of the *New Republic* there appears a review of Mr. V. F. Calverton's book, *The Newer Spirit*, by Mr. Waldo Frank.

Mr. Frank writes that "Mr. Calverton is taken seriously in radical labor circles. He was a contributor to the *defunct* *New Leader*." I wish to inform you that Mr. Calverton not only "was" a contributor to *The New Leader* but that he is now a contributor. Moreover, *The New Leader* is not "defunct" but is published at 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York City. Is Mr. Frank as careless in estimating the value of Mr. Calverton's book as he is regarding the status of *The New Leader*?

JAMES ONEAL,
Editor, *The New Leader*.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I truly regret the carelessness which made me refer to *The New Leader* as "defunct." Of course, I was confusing its name with that of *The Leader*, a daily which succeeded *The Call*, preceded *The New Leader*, and ceased publication a year or so ago. I am certain that Mr. Oneal will know that I meant nothing derogatory in the least either to *The Leader* or to *The New Leader*—publications with whose principles I have the clearest sympathy.

WALDO FRANK.

Sconset, Mass.

St. Mawr

St. Mawr, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

AFTER *St. Mawr* one looks back longingly to the solid mysteries of the stories in *The Captain's Doll*, to the light of Alpine air, the menacing reality of Alpine granite; to people molded of fiery, inscrutable clay, to the obscure, almost terrifying clash of will on will, to a little sea of lava in which love and hate were only alternate waves. A tremendous book, and a clever one, probing the dark places of personality with furious skill; maddening, restrained, restless, beautiful. Compared with it *St. Mawr* is thin stuff, the result, not so much of a creative urge as of creative habits.

Toward the very end of the book, after he has allowed his two Americans, mother and daughter, to stray rather aimlessly among the unnutritious feelings, the small incidents, the vague uneasy resentment which existence in England gives them, he brings them back to the American southwest, "away from the life of the nerves." As if all the earlier chapters were preparation, and pointed, ever so long-windedly, toward a haven and an answer at last, in his description of the desert and the ranch Lawrence settles into a satisfying stride, only to bring up short, after a masterly all-seeing swoop, against the last page. Beside his portrait of that country, all his people fade trivially away, and one wonders, a little, why he thought them so important, or all that introduction so necessary. For his people are quite subordinate to his idea, which plays havoc with their reality, with their independence.

"And the peculiar look of extreme New Orleans annoyance came round her sharp nose." The book is full of little thumbnail pictures like that, as flat to the reader as they are significant to their author. It is full of other thumbnails amazingly, cruelly vivid to the reader, little stabs of description, little prisons of words in which a character is caught for a moment, and released bleeding, branded, murderously probed and understood. With his people, whether he likes them or not, whether they are too clear to him, or full of sombre depths, or twisting in search of their fate, or placidly inscrutable, Lawrence manages to give the impression that he is impatient. The pattern of life irks him profoundly. Something animal in us has been lost, diluted, debased. Something not beastly, but animal as Pan was animal, strong, independent, drawing life simply from its original depths. Everything human is attitude. But "that black fiery flow in the eyes of the horse was not attitude. It was something much more terrifying and real, the only thing that was real. Gushing from the darkness in menace and question, and blazing out in the splendid body of the horse."

For *St. Mawr* is a horse. A dangerous, wonderful stallion, a creature so full of life deep, life dark, life uncomplicated, that the men and women who buy him, ride him and are afraid of him seem trivial and impermanent.

Almost like a god looking at her terribly out of the everlasting dark, she had felt the eyes of that horse; great glowing fearsome eyes, arched with a question, and containing a white blade of light like a threat. What was his non-human question, and his uncanny threat? She didn't know. He was some splendid demon, and she must worship him.

. . . And as he stood there a few yards away from her, his head lifted and wary, his body full of power

and tension, his face slightly averted from her, she felt a great animal sadness come from him . . . and she felt a great woe: the woe of human unworthiness. The race of men judged in the consciousness of the animals they have subdued, and there found unworthy, ignoble. . . . Where is the flame of dangerous, forward-pushing nobility in men? Dead, dead, guttering out in a stink of self-sacrifice whose feeble light is a light of exhaustion and laissez-faire.

"Dimly, in a woman's muse, Lou realized this." Lawrence realizes it too, but not dimly. He hides the feeling in his character, but the book is about his own, Lawrence's, feeling. Accordingly its chief ingredient is irritation, which flows both in his portrayal of the characters, whose prevailing mood is irritation, and into semi-editorial comment, the burden of which is also irritation. Nostalgia, sadness, brooding are present too, but they are swept away in a whirlpool of irritation. When it does not flare out from the author himself ("Our whole eunuch civilization, nasty-minded as eunuchs are, with their kind of sneaking, sterilizing cruelty"), it comes at second-hand from him in the friction between the characters, most of whom are on each other's nerves a great deal of the time. Much of this conflict is skilfully handled, truthfully reported, yet behind every character grinding against his fellow is visible the shape of Lawrence egging them on, lending to each from the inexhaustible fund of his own annoyance.

The subtle screech audible on every page together with the dependence of the characters on their author's state of mind, make one wonder if Lawrence is not after all more interested in getting something off his chest than in making a novel. Will he ever get it off his chest and sink back, relaxed, to a more comfortable and assured exercise of his remarkable powers? After reading *St. Mawr* one hopes he will, but remembering *The Captain's Doll* and other superior performances, one as eagerly hopes he will not. This rage which finds sharp corners everywhere, and bumps against all of them, which sets his characters dancing madly on the red-hot stove of life, which endows them with teeth already set on edge, which pursues spiritual back-biting as remorselessly as the hound follows the hare, this rage is also, in his case, the creative rage. It is the hottest fire in his furnace. Sometimes it is hotter than others, as in *The Captain's Doll*, when it cooks the subject to a turn; but sometimes, as in *St. Mawr*, it burns with a more habitual feverish heat, and merely fries the edges.

If one had not come gradually to believe that Lawrence's novels and stories are episodes in a chronic state of mind, are explosions, alleviations, but more often aggravations of it, one would have more faith in the artistic side of his restless, plumbing, rejecting, exploring spirit. A valuable spirit to be loose at any time, in any civilization, to tread on its easy dreams, carbonize its comfort, mock its spurious stability, pierce through its politely ordered surfaces to the violence and fury and worlds of black satanic vitality underneath. To few writers have our continents been less of a Cook's Tour, with pleasant stopping places, interesting fellow-travelers, quaint museums, observable customs, recordable happenings. To him, it is a dark continent, an evil Africa, flat with counterfeit conformity, still with a fake silence, a graveyard of throttled questions, the thin lid of hell. Down to that hell he will sink wells of truth, down, down, till the flaming stuff spouts up, and the map of his world is dotted with these little private volcanoes, pouring, over our easy placidity, their mixture of mud and flame and irritable ashes.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Watson Explains Watson

Behaviorism: Lectures-in-Print, by John B. Watson.
New York: The People's Institute. 238 pages. \$3.

TO MANY people behaviorism is a theory which begins by perversely denying the most self-evident truths of psychology. Its vogue among advanced intellectual radicals is due, according to this opinion, wholly to its perversity. Radicals always enjoy denying self-evident truths; that is the route by which they escape from reality. This theory is not without some basis in the assumptions upon which behaviorism is built. In his last preceding volume, Doctor Watson presented the reader in the preface with a list of terms which he proposed to abandon because, said he, I do not know what they mean, and I don't believe anyone else can define them accurately or use them consistently. Considering that the list consisted of such familiar household nostrums as "image" and "will," this was rather a blow below the belt of the unexpectant reader. Everyone knows he has a will, we not uncommonly argue, since he is consciously exercising it three-quarters of the time, while to see an image one has only to close his eyes and let nature take its course. What useful scientific purpose is served by the denial of what anyone can see?

But as a matter of fact no scientific purpose is served by the pattering refutation of doubts that arise at this level of enlightenment. The spherical curvature of the earth's surface has seemed to many people to contradict the plain evidence of their senses, yet it has now come into general acceptance as a fact not because the doubts of commoners have been overcome but because to all who were capable of following the scientific reasoning upon which the theory is based the argument is irrefutable. Probably the same will be true of behaviorism. Doctor Watson has no intention of asserting that the experiences called will and image by earlier psychologists and later by the public have no existence at all, that no one ever had any such experience as seeing (or hearing) an image or determining his behavior wilfully, any more than an astronomer would deny the relative flatness of the earth over an area twenty miles square. But just as the astronomer denies that an area such as is visible at one time to the naked eyes is conclusive evidence of the shape of the entire earth, so Doctor Watson (and a considerable number of his colleagues) would deny not the experience but its common diagnosis. After all, Doctor Watson has proposed to part company not with the data of human behavior but only with certain words which have been used to describe it and which, in the light of our present knowledge, seem inadequate and even misleading.

This is a perfectly legitimate and familiar scientific procedure, as every scientist knows. When, therefore, one or another of Doctor Watson's scientific antagonists proposes to refute him by showing that whereas behaviorism (presumably) denies the existence of thinking, it is itself a product of thought, and therefore a refutation of itself, we can only conclude that when they are engaged in disputation even scientists sometimes find it more desirable to win than to play fair. No psychologist has ever denied the fact of thought. But some psychologists have rejected the theories of other psychologists as to what thought is. Many psychologists now reject the supposition that thought is fully explained as the activity of a non-material mind. Such a notion may have been highly satisfactory to a generation which knew nothing about the nervous system and thought it knew everything about the soul, but now that more is

known about the nervous system and somewhat less about the soul it has lost much of its charm. Doctor Watson has said that thought is language behavior. What he means by "is" will probably bear some development. "Is" is a tricky word, as he himself has pointed out in his discussion of William James's theory that emotion "is" the mass of kinesthetic sensation. Doctor Watson's argument that the human experience of thinking is wholly coincident with the human experience of wording will probably be a difficult one to refute. Possibly so much can be regarded as established and, accordingly, we know so much about what thinking is. Doubtless, also, there is more to learn. The most rigorous Watsonian could hardly deny that.

Indeed, Doctor Watson's psychological perversities have been provoked at every point not by the need for finding a radical escape from reality but by the development of scientific knowledge which has made it increasingly possible to say some few things about human behavior with a certain amount of clarity and precision. That the fresh information has cut athwart familiar notions and bids fair to retire a familiar vocabulary is quite incidental.

That fresh information has come very largely from anatomy and physiology. Quite naturally, therefore, the chief deficiency of behaviorism is that it has been more successful in ascertaining the limits of human activity than in accounting for its manifold and complex detail. Doctor Watson's own experimental work upon animals and especially upon human infants has done much to sharpen our picture of the habit-forming mechanisms by which human behavior is compounded, but the most striking results have been the negative findings, the exhibition of the infinity of things which infants do not do until they have learned to do them—things, often, which we had supposed to be somehow natural to man. Consequently the picture presented by behaviorism is of an organism endowed with certain capacities and limitations, lacking at first any but the simplest behavior mechanisms, but capable of being bent or molded into more various and complex reaction systems than any other animal.

There are, in the first place, the integrating agents through which behavior is held in unity: the nervous system—our old familiar, and now, of course, the glands. Behind all activity these agencies are at work; upon every act they impose limitations and perhaps even its characteristic form. Thus it would seem that "instinctive" acts (about which so much discussion has raged) are not the ends human beings are called upon by their ancestors to achieve, but are rather the shapes or forms imposed upon all activity by the structure of the body. Feelings, also, appear in this light not so much as spiritual states as rather the characteristic bodily conditions produced, perhaps, by one gland or another, and originally excited by any loud noise or rapidly moving object (fear), by the restraint of the limbs (rage), by the stroking of the skin (affection, love, eroticism). You object to this? Adult emotions centre in objects that are less tangible and organic than this? To be sure. An adult fears Bolshevism, rages at the Eighteenth Amendment, is moved to affection by the strains of Home, Sweet Home. But his inward state is precisely that of the new-born babe. He has only been trained by outward circumstances to release his juices on a variety of occasions, just as he has been trained to pronounce words, to respond to words, and so ultimately to use words as the short circuit of all activity.

For such a theory, it will be obvious, it must make all the difference in the world what words men learn and use. Doctor Watson insists that this is true. He even suggests,

in a concluding foot-note, to his final lecture, that the behaviorist would wish to direct the whole word-learning process in the interest of greater rationality. This is no new thought, of course, though it emerges from the behavioristic argument with rejuvenated vitality. But upon what principles would the behaviorist plan the education of the human race? Alas! we are not told. In behaviorism itself there seem to be no principles upon which any particular scheme of behavior-molding might be instituted. It is a theory of all-molding. What the molding is that actually occurs, by what circumstances its pattern is determined, how that pattern might be modified and by what agency—these are considerations which lie beyond the confines of Doctor Watson's inquiry. The chief weakness of his argument, therefore, is its failure to deal with what it has proved to be of paramount importance. Failing that, Doctor Watson after all scarcely touches human behavior. After all, the object of his interest is the structure that limits and determines behavior.

C. E. AYRES.

Paul Bunyan

Paul Bunyan, by James Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 245 pages. \$2.50.

PAUL and his exploits may constitute the first great American saga, but your reviewer notes with pain that his credentials are not 100 percent. He is, God forbid, not a Nordic. Anglo-Saxon is not his native tongue. One fears he is spiritually nearer to Rome than to sound Fundamentalism. His name was once Bunyon, and he only changed the *o* to an *a* after he came down from the north woods, and with Babe the blue ox at his side, swore a great oath as he crossed the Canada line to invent the lumber industry.

Mr. Stevens has traced the myth to its source. It had its origin in the Papineau Rebellion of 1837—a revolt of French-Canadians against the English crown. In the Two Mountains country, the rebels were led by a mighty-muscled, bellicose, bearded giant named Paul Bunyon. With a mattock in one hand and a pitchfork in the other, the carnage he created among the Queen's troops was prodigious. Following the rebellion, he operated a logging camp—in the days when logging was heroic labor. Five hundred pounds he could lift and carry on a portage. Thus between his exploits as a warrior and as a logging chief his fame spread. Soon men around campfires in Quebec and Maine and the Great Lakes pineries were building his legend. But the habitants are moderate legend builders. They will raise the five hundred pounds to a thousand, but they lack the gaudy imaginative flights, the preposterous grandeur, of your true American. And so by 1860, their Bunyon had become Bunyan; he had grown to the height of a tall pine tree, he brushed his beard with an evergreen sapling, he had got him an ox which measured forty-two axe handles and a plug of chewing tobacco between the horns, and he had crossed the border.

Mr. Stevens, himself a wanderer and lumberjack—and, one suspects, an I. W. W.—gives us a graphic picture of the saga in the making. As medicine men arise from the ruck amidst primitive peoples, so a sort of master chanter arose in the lumber camps. Greatest among them was one Len Day who was last heard of at Haney Landing, Minnesota, working a great log drive down the Mississippi.

The legend was unfolded in sections or cantos, one to the night. "A Paul Bunyan bunkhouse service was a glory to hear . . . around a big heater in the winter, when the wind is howling through crackling boughs outside, and the pungent smell of steaming wool drifts down from the drying lines above the stove." The talk runs to a similar night in Paul's camp, when the wind blew so hard that Big Ole the blacksmith had to bolt iron straps over the logs to keep them from being sucked up the chimney. The theme grows and bears strange fruits, and finally the camp bard draws the threads together, takes the floor, and is launched upon a "key story" which is the thematic introduction to one of the major cantos. By some strange process, the bard was estopped from wide variation. Only slowly and after many siftings over countless campfires might the legend shift and grow.

Of the tales themselves perhaps one hundred have taken definite form, each with its "key story." All are familiar to every man who has worked long in the woods. But alas, with a shed garage in every logging camp, a radio in the camp office, phonographs in the bunk houses, and a jazz shack in the village "just over the hump," the audience of the bard diminishes. Before his voice is stilled forever it is meet that so authentic a poet of the woods as James Stevens should preserve the record to immortality.

Of the century of tales, Stevens gives a round dozen, beginning with the genesis of the saga—the Winter of the Blue Snow. In the travail of that ultramarine blizzard came Babe, the blue ox, to birth. "For this great baby calf was of a bright blue color which was neither darker nor lighter than the color of the beautiful strange snow. A blue baby ox calf. For such was its sex. Its ears drooped pitifully, and its scrawny, big-jointed legs hung limply below Paul Bunyon's arms. A spasmodic shiver ran from its head to its tail, and its savior was glad to feel this shiver, for it showed that life remained. Paul Bunyon was touched with a tenderness that drove out his loneliness. "Ma Bête," he said, "Mon cher bleu bébé ausha." Thus began a tender and eternal friendship. When the two mushed south and crossed the line, even as Bunyon became Bunyan, Bébé became The Babe.

To transcribe the legends gets us nowhere. Mr. Stevens who had heard them from the bardic lips can do it so much better. Read them and enjoy them for yourself. What we can do is to speculate about them a little. What does this great golden chunk of almost pure primitive literature signify in respect to human behavior, to industrial labor, to America? These tales as I read them show Paul not only as giant among the tree tops—strong as men in their dreams have been strong for fifty thousand years—but also as a gentle man, a kind and tender man, a man just and fair and forgiving. To his loggers he was like a god in the sky, mindful of their welfare, and rising to such prodigies of hospitality as the immortal black duck dinner. Furthermore, for all his brawn, he had ideas, he mooned around, he invented things. We first come upon him, in the genesis of the blue blizzard, over his books. A scholar, studying.

Secondly we note the impact of the machine. These folktales are alive with machinery as well as man and ox power. Conveyor belts for rations, nineteen-story sawmills, and that triumph of chemistry which, by mixing lake water with sour dough, so raised the level of the shrunken pond as to send all the season's logs thundering down Red River valley. Roller skates for grub house waiters. As a corollary we note no trace of salesmanship. When the logs

reach the river or the mill it is the end of them. Herculean production—but no bargaining, no traffic with end products. There is not a dollar sign in the book.

Thirdly, your reviewer notes, not without a certain pride, the place accorded Johnny Inkslinger, the man of figures. As big as Paul and almost as strong, Johnny held down the office and used a barrel of ink a day recording runs, figuring stumpage, and footage and cubic feet. In his battle with Big Swede, Paul had ruined all ledgers, up to number 10,000; and these on his advent, Johnny restored by patient work with white ink over black smeared pages. If the Blue Ox sat on Paul's right hand, it was Johnny Inkslinger, that incomparable adding machine, who came to sit on his left.

Fourthly, there is spread before us a gargantuan satisfaction of hunger, but none of sex. Paul can eat a herd of moose, but he has nothing to do with women. When his frailer loggers settle down with sweethearts, he turns to the mountains in disgust and pity.

And there we will leave the data to the psychologists. Better than any psychology is the rush and drive of these tremendous yarns, and very great indeed the simplicity and the beauty with which Mr. Stevens sets them before us.

STUART CHASE.

Two Americas

The Smiths, by Janet A. Fairbank. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.

Prairie Fires, by Lorna Doone Beers. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

IN *The Smiths* is the novel which Mrs. Fairbank was preparing to write in The Cortlandts of Washington Square. Preparing in two senses—by establishing her characters, Ann, an alien graft on the Cortlandt stock, and Peter Smith, who emerges from the battle front of the Civil War to marry her; and by developing a method and manner suited to the chronicle of an American family intimately bound up in the growth of an American city. The Cortlandts of New York furnished merely preliminary studies and practice sketches for the Smiths of Chicago.

American cities furnish great themes for novels in a world which is in the process of becoming, though somewhat uncertain of its goal. Undoubtedly Cleveland, Detroit, Seattle and Los Angeles have their future place in fiction. San Francisco and Chicago are unique in having arrived, after a career which is comprehended in three generations, and may be known by a single mind. The history of San Francisco is one of physical pioneering, the discovery of gold, the construction of transcontinental railroads, the opening of Pacific trade. The history of Chicago is in industrial pioneering, the conquest of the empire of manufacture and distribution for the Middle West. When the feudal lords arrived and partitioned that realm among themselves, and the Fields and Farwells took all dry goods, the Hibbards and Bartletts all hardware, the Spragues and MacVeaghs all groceries, the Keiths all hats and the Pullmans all sleeping cars to be their respective provinces, Peter Smith took steel. The story of his family is typical. In it can be read that of a dozen contemporary families which have largely determined the history and civic life of the city.

Mrs. Fairbank has had extraordinary opportunities of knowing this life by immediate tradition and at first hand. She might have embellished her title page with a few

decorative quotations such as *ego in Arcadia vixi*, or *magna pars fui*. But though the history of Chicago, like that of San Francisco in Mrs. Norris's *Certain People of Importance*, keeps the characters moving in true perspective, these characters are not lay figures draped and posed according to period. Both these books are novels of the American family. In both there is a fulness of material which no other American institution can furnish. In both the multitude of threads of relations of husband, wife, children, grandchildren unite in a single comprehensive pattern.

The Smiths is literally a homespun book, firm in texture and true. Peter's exclusion of Ann from the adventure of his business, her own single escapade with its revival in comedy, Peter's old age, solaced by his connoisseurship of French impressionistic paintings, Ann's emergence into triumphal matriarchy—these things simply and truly are so.

In *Prairie Fires* we journey a full day to the westward, into far more primitive conditions. Besserud is a town in a German Scandinavian district of North Dakota, the centre of finance and distribution for the surrounding country. Here business which by virtue of its size shows in Chicago with something of feudal magnificence, has merely the mean, cruel, dirty qualities of the parasites who practice it. The baffled farmers, cheated by the owners of the elevators who sell them seed and buy their grain, betrayed by the politicians, expropriated by the loan shark banks, writhe helplessly under their oppression. To the polls, to legislature, to courthouse they turn only to be met by the cynical sneer of justice, law and order. There is something Russian about this book: its vast prairies dotted by puny little towns, surrounded by concentric rings of farms, white houses, red barns, pale green windbreaks, under a high clear cobalt sky or a low sodden grey roof of tattered cloud; its sombre enduring peasants, clad in blue jeans for the tropic heat or sheepskin kaftans against polar cold. There is also something very American about it. The farmers unite, and break, and unite again, and finally achieve—the Nonpartisan League!

The structural element of the book is provided by the ambitions of Christine, daughter of Hans Erickson, the leader of the farmers, and her marriage to Christian Löfstad. Both Christine's idealism and Löfstad's small town materialism are admirably realistic; but the connection of this material with the mass substance of the book is rather arbitrary and enforced. This union of fact and fiction suggests apprenticeship. But if this is a first novel it is all the more a credit to its author. Of the importance of her book and its truth to essential conditions there can be no doubt. Miss Beers has written a chapter in the epic of wheat begun by Frank Norris.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Castlereagh's Foreign Policy

The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh, 1815-1822, by C. K. Webster, M. A., Professor of International Politics in the University of Wales. London: G. Bell and Sons.

LORD CASTLEREAGH, one of the wisest and best foreign secretaries England ever had, is just coming into his own. For every person who reads history critically, there are hundreds who read Byron and Shelley uncritically, and to them the "execrable villain Castlereagh," the "vulture sick for battle," has become a synonym for cynical oppression and white terror. Now, with the aid of a World War, we can view him in a clearer light.

Mr. Webster has given us a fair picture of Castlereagh the man, and a full, clear and accurate account of his foreign policy after the Congress of Vienna. The book opens with a series of portraits of George IV and his ministers, which are quite as lively as Strachey's, and more accurate. There is a valuable chapter on the diplomatic machine of Downing Street; and another, of particular interest to Americans, on Castlereagh's policy toward Latin America and the United States. But the book is chiefly concerned with Castlereagh's policy of preserving the peace in Europe, and obtaining a modicum of justice to France, through the European Alliance (so often and wrongly confused with the Holy Alliance) which he had done so much to create. Mr. Webster's account is based on extensive research in British and continental archives, and it has simmered so long in his mind that the narrative flows smoothly and easily. The analogy to British policy in 1922-24 is apparent on almost every page; and one lays the book down with a feeling of how much better it would have been, had British policy been directed by a silent and comprehending Castlereagh between 1918 and 1922, instead of a voluble and clever Lloyd George.

As a diplomatist, Castlereagh combined perfect technique with complete candor and honesty. "He conceded with grace, and his refusals left no sting." He could accomplish great things through secret diplomacy, but not coin phrases; he could impose a wise and moderate policy on a congress of irreconcilable diplomatists by sheer persuasiveness and intellectual ability, and in such a manner as to leave no resentment behind; but he was unable to explain himself to Parliament or to the country. He took a longer view of British interests than did the British people, but they hailed with delight Canning's more palpable, if less lasting accomplishments. He was unable to comprehend the new forces of liberalism and nationalism that were to make the future Europe; but he laid down the doctrine of non-intervention, which Canning and Monroe so brilliantly enforced. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the enormous load of responsibility that he could not share, impaired Castlereagh's reason, and lost him his life in 1822; but it was still more fortunate for England, for Europe, and for the United States, that Canning was not in power.

Richard Rush, the American minister at London, recorded in his diary an appreciation of Castlereagh which, to quote Mr. W. Alison Phillips, "is perhaps the noblest and most touching tribute ever paid by the representative of one nation to the foreign minister of another." Henry Adams, forty-five years ago, wrote that towards the United States Castlereagh "was a wise and a fair man." But most of our historians, like the British, have been so dazzled by the smart phrases and cheap-jack oratory of Canning, as to overlook the solid achievements of his predecessor in promoting Anglo-American friendship; and even to announce the preposterous theory that Canning, who was the first to challenge the Monroe Doctrine, was its real author.

Castlereagh was the first British foreign secretary to treat the United States in every respect as an equal, and the first to regard friendship with America as a permanent British interest. It was he who consented to the naval disarmament on the Great Lakes, who settled the American-Canadian boundary on principles of equity and justice, who restored the American fishing privileges in British waters, and who remained calm and imperturbable when his country cried vengeance for the two Englishmen hanged by Andrew Jackson. And it was Castlereagh who

held the powers at bay, when the danger of their intervention in South America was greatest. All this bulked very little in the mass of Castlereagh's work at the time, but its permanent results were so important that Mr. Webster might well have given a greater space to Anglo-American relations in his book. He has simplified them—notably in the slave indemnity and Arbuthnot controversies—somewhat at the cost of fair presentation. He has not perhaps realized that Madison, Monroe and Adams, leaders of a party traditionally anti-British, came as far to meet England as Castlereagh, leader of a party traditionally anti-American, went to meet them.

"John Quincy Adams," says Mr. Webster, "was as bitter and hostile to Britain as Richard Rush, his successor, was friendly and conciliatory." There is some truth in this. Adams viewed England and the English with something of the cold censoriousness of Henry Cabot Lodge; Rush, with the warm understanding of Walter H. Page. But on practical problems, like the Arbuthnot case and the Monroe Doctrine, they saw absolutely eye-to-eye. Adams was not hostile, but suspicious toward Britain. He desired peace and friendship with her as ardently as Castlereagh; but the spectacle of Downing Street bearing gifts was something new to American experience. Mr. Webster has cited Adams's doubts of the sincerity of Wilberforce, in his effort to suppress the slave trade, as a case to prove his point. But he has not told the circumstances that created the suspicion: (1) the fact that Wilberforce was asking for the right of search, a tender point to Americans who had just fought a war against British navalism; (2) James Stephen, Wilberforce's brother-in-law and fellow-abolitionist, had been the foremost pamphleteer of the British shipping interest against neutral rights; (3) Wilberforce showed little sympathy for the American desire to abolish impressment, which, from Adams's point of view, established a much worse form of servitude than that fostered by the slave trade. But it was the virtue of Castlereagh that despite misunderstanding, he persisted so steadily in his course of justice and conciliation as to disarm the New Englander's suspicion of his good faith, and to elicit from him "a gruff recognition of something like a common interest between the two English-speaking nations."

S. E. MORISON.

Contributors

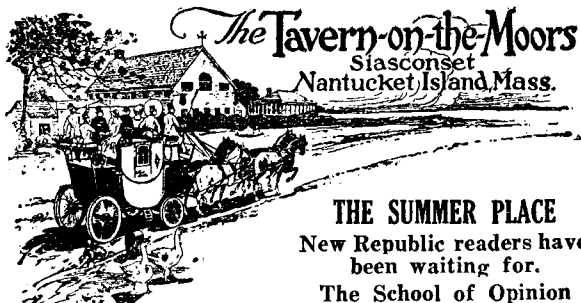
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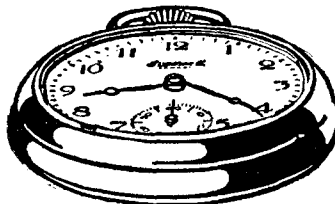
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